WIN A TRIP TO SEE SABBATH IN THE USA

KERRANG!

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ACCEPT
THE RUSSIANS ARE KOMING!

PETER BALTES (left) and WOLF HOFFMANN of ACCEPT: pic Ray Palmer

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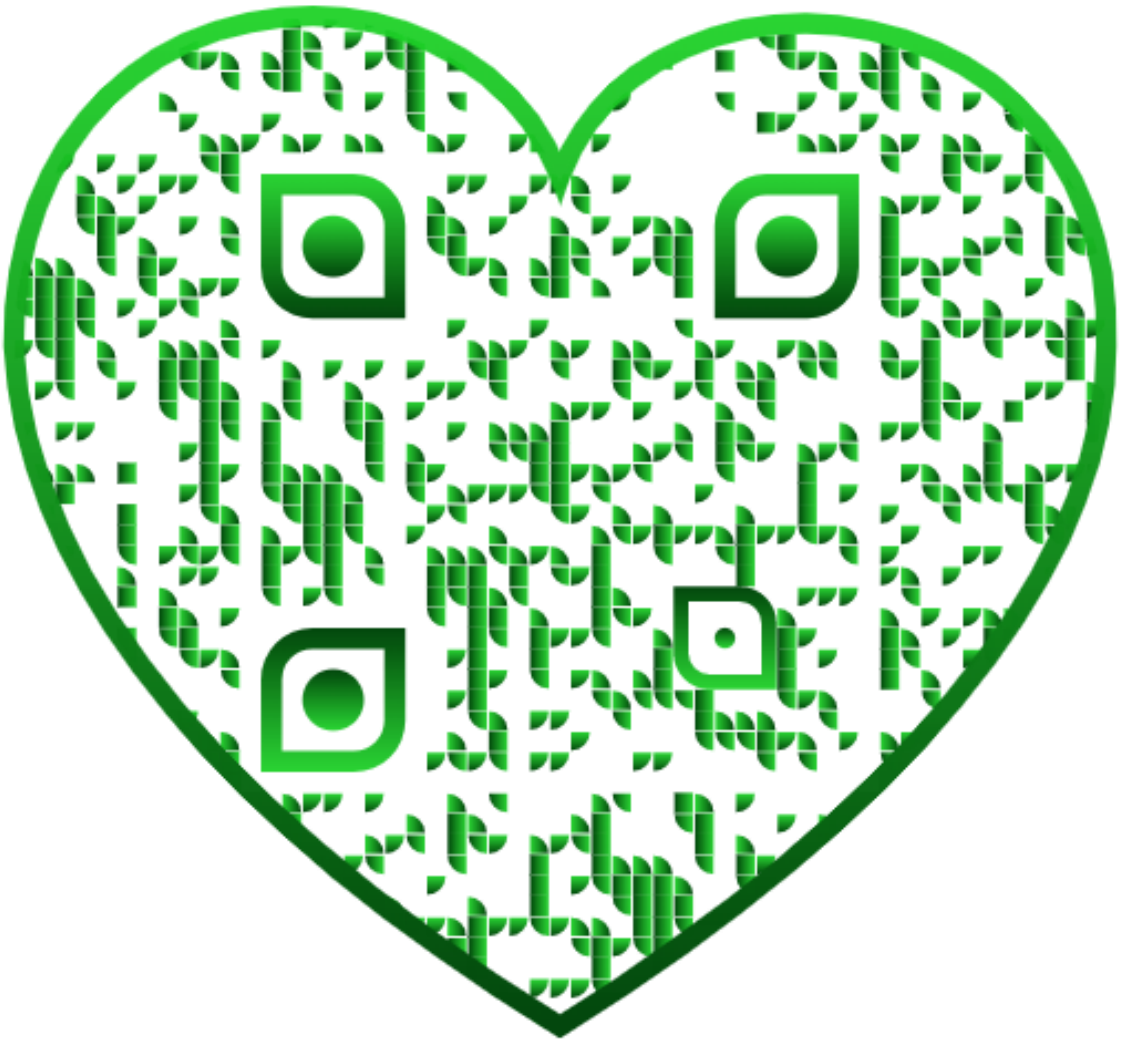

Y&T: DEAL US IN!

■ **Y&T** (PICTURED right) are now on the verge of signing a new record deal (probably with *Geffen Records*), having severed ties with the *A&M* label a few weeks ago. Cynics, of course, may question whether the band were dropped by the company – pushed rather than jumped, you might say – but the Bay Area four-piece are adamant that the decision to move on was theirs and theirs *alone*. According to vocalist/lead guitarist **Dave Meniketti** (far right in picture). . .

"I don't want to be hard on *A&M*, they're a great label for a lot of bands . . . but not for us. I felt they should have done more promotion on all the albums we did with them (six altogether, starting with the classic **'Earthshaker'**); the problem is, though, they don't really know *how* to promote a Hard Rock band – it's just not their *forté*."

The final straw came with the release of **'Summertime Girls'**, the first single from current Y&T LP **'Down For The Count'**; certainly, it was far from a flop, helping the four cross over to a wider audience in the States and even pick up some airplay in the UK, but companies the band have spoken to since leaving the *A&M* roster reckon that had *they* been on the case at the time it would definitely have made the US Top 10 – Top Five even!

As for *A&M* . . . well, according to Dave, they "pulled the plug before the single went all the way, just as *MTV* was poised to put the song on heavy rotation! To be fair, a lot of people at the company *did* try very hard for us, but others simply weren't interested, getting far more excited by a new **Simple Minds** album.

"The thing is, when your record label doesn't understand you, you tend to become schizophrenic as a musician – you try to please them so they'll do something for you. It was like slow torture; we always felt that one day *A&M* would come around, but it didn't work out that way."

Despite the fact that it hit the streets far too soon after the live **'Open Fire'** LP, Dave was quite happy with the *musical* direction of 'Down For The Count', though he'd rather have done without the two cover versions (**'Your Mamma Don't Dance'** by **Loggins & Messina** and **'All American Boy'** by **Van Stephenson/Dave Robbins**). The album title too didn't please him, being a record company choice; there were simply "too many fingers in the pudding," he says, "too many different opinions. The original songs were the only aspect of the LP that was genuinely *us*. It was very frustrating!

"Also, we were out on the road playing while the album was being mixed (by producer **Kevin Beamish**); we had to listen to tapes in the back of our tour bus – we'll *never* do that again!"

Y&T certainly did *their* fair share in support of the record, going out on an eight-month tour (in both a headline capacity and supporting people such as **Mötley Crüe**, **Ratt**, the **Scorpions**, **Heart** and **Aerosmith**), which took them as far afield as Canada and Japan, though sadly not the UK or Europe; they also released a second single from 'DFTC', **'Face Like An Angel'**, but eventually decided that what they really needed was a change of label. On first leaving *A&M* a wave of paranoia inevitably swept through the camp, but inside a week three major labels had already stepped in with offers.

At the moment, they're back home writing new material – individually at first with a plan to pool resources at a later date – and are determined that their next album won't be rushed in any way. Indeed, Dave assures me that they'll have at least 25 songs under their belt before picking a final 10 to take into the studio. Don't expect the LP before January '87, however, though there is a chance that the band might have two new songs on a movie soundtrack this coming Summer (and I use the term loosely).

And what of producer Beamish, will the guys work with him again? According to Dave, it's unlikely, the four having their eye on someone more experienced in the ways of Hard Rock, someone "like **Teddy Templeman**", though they'll continue writing with the commercial edge they've always possessed.

So will the Earth move this time around? Wait until January and I reckon it'll positively *shake* . . . DANTE BONUTTO

PS. *For more information on Dave Meniketti see the* ***Hear'N'Aid*** *story on the page 4.*

HEAT TO THE BEAT

■ **DAVE LEE ROTH** (above, left) is presently putting the final touches to his debut solo album, due for release later this year through *Warner Brothers*. Production is being handled by **Ted Templeman** in San Francisco and Roth's band features **Steve Vai** (lead guitar – formerly with **Alcatrazz**), **Billy Sheehan** (bass – also a member of **Talas**) and **Gregg Bissonette** (drums).

The above band will tour to promote the as yet untitled LP; dates are expected to commence in the US on August 1.

In the meantime, Roth has been forced to postpone work on his first, self-scripted movie, **'Crazy From The Heat'**, due to the fact that major backers *CBS Pictures* have now gone out of business. It's likely that a new deal for the film (which will star Roth, who is also due to take a significant role on the directional side) will be announced shortly.

RIOT ON!

■ ***RIOT,*** *THE US rock band whose live work in the UK included an appearance at the very first Castle Donington Festival in 1980, are back on the scene after a year-and-a-half's absence with four of the original 'gang of five' still involved. For the moment, the group are keeping their kards pretty close to their chests, but it is known that guitarist* ***Mark Reale*** *(below, left) and drummer* ***Sandy Slavin*** *(below, right) both figure in the line-up and that the Rioteers are now basing themselves in Los Angeles where they recently ventured back onto the boards (two shows at the* Troubadour *and one at the* Roxy*).*

The aim now is to secure a major record deal, to which end the band are setting about writing fresh material, and once the business end is well 'n' truly secured a visit to Europe is high on the list of priorities. In the meantime, watch out for a forthcoming feature on the band.

QUEEN, QUO FOR WEMBLEY

■ **QUEEN, STATUS QUO** (**Rick Parfitt** and **Francis Rossi** pictured right), **The Alarm** and **Virginia Wolf** will play a major outdoor show at London's *Wembley Stadium* on July 12. For Queen, who headline the event, it will be the *only* UK date of a Summer European tour scheduled to run for eight weeks and including shows in Scandinavia, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain and Southern Ireland (Slane Castle, July 5). **Gary Moore** and **Marillion** will also be appearing on the bill at selected *European* shows – sometimes together, sometimes not.

The biggest *al fresco* extravaganza ever staged by the band, topping even the Rock In Rio spectacular early last year, it will feature a brand new stage-set spanning 160 feet, a specially designed sound system and the largest lighting rig *ever* assembled!

Says Queen drummer **Roger Taylor**: "It will be bigger than bigness itself . . . It'll make 'Ben Hur' look like 'The Muppets'!"

The concert will be preceded by a new Queen album, their first since 'The Works' in '84, which will feature original songs written and performed for the film **'Highlander'** as well as other new material.

Tickets for the Wembley event are priced at £14.50 plus a 50p booking fee and are available now by postal application *only* from: **'Queen Wembley', RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS.** Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to: **'Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd'** and sent with a SAE. There is a maximum of six tickets per person and applicants should allow five weeks for delivery. The show, the highlight of *Capital Radio's* Music Festival (June 20-July 20), is scheduled to run from 2.00pm-10.00pm.

Incidentally, this will be the first time that Queen and Special Guests Quo have worked together, and the latter outfit have more irons in the fire to keep their army of boogie buffs amused. On April 25, the band issue a new single, **'Rolling Home'/'Lonely'**, on the *Vertigo* label, the first record to carry the Status Quo name in some two years. The A-side is produced by **Dave Edmunds** and the 45 will appear in seven inch and 12" formats, a taster for an album scheduled to hit the streets later this year.

Status Quo's line-up for the Wembley show (their only UK date this year) will be announced closer to the date, though it's safe to say that longstanding bassist **Alan Lancaster** won't be appearing!

Says Rossi: "What better way to present the new band than in front of a Wembley audience?"

■ **CELTIC FROST, Helloween** and **Grave Digger** (replacing **Running Wild**) will now play London *Hammersmith Palais* on May 15 and not the *Hammersmith Odeon* on May 11 as announced last issue. The change of venue comes as a result of a plea from *Kerrang!'s* own **Xavier Russell** who, worried about the lack of Slam Diving/Mosh facilities at the all-seat *Odeon*, contacted Celtic Frost's Berlin-based record company *Noise Records* to suggest the open spaces of the *Palais* as an alternative. Incidentally, *Noise* have recently added Canadian Thrashers **Voi-Vod** to their roster. It seems likely that the band will hitch up with Celtic Frost for upcoming US dates. Meantime, there is a possibility that Helloween and Grave Digger will play additional UK shows after the aforementioned *Palais* gig.

■ AFTER MONTHS of speculation, **Steve Smith** (drums) and **Ross Valory** (bass) have now left **Journey** due to 'musical differences'. According to keyboardsman **Jonathan Cain**: "The band was close to breaking up in the studio. We all talked it over and **Neal** (**Schon** – guitar), **Steve** (**Perry** – lead vocals) and I decided that it would be better for the three of us to stay together, rather than break up completely . . . Smitty wanted to play jazz and Ross was basically tired of the road."

The band's latest, as yet untitled, album is expected to be issued through *CBS* in the very near future, followed by a tour. The LP's production is being handled by Perry with engineer **Jim Gaines**, with bassist **Randy Jackson** and drummer **Larry London** guesting.

■ **BLACKFOOT** HAVE split up after months of speculation about their future. Lead vocalist/guitarist **Rickie Medlocke** intends to record a solo album in the near future with an unspecified group of musicians for release through the *Atlantic* label and, following this, he will undertake a solo tour. However, neither bassist **Gregg T. Walker** nor drummer **Jakson Spires** have announced plans for their careers.

Blackfoot's other guitarist **Bobby Barth** has just issued his first solo LP, **'Two Hearts – One Beat'**, through the *Atco* label in the US.

■ ***MANOWAR*** *(PICTURED above) are currently in the throes of their second European tour, taking in shows in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark and Belgium. Some of these dates are headline appearances whilst others are festivals, the four musclebound East Coasters taking the second-from-top position on a bill that also features (headliners)* ***Motörhead*** *along with* ***Exciter, Railway*** *and* ***Laaz Rockit.***

Due to recording commitments, Manowar will not be playing any dates in the UK this time around but they plan to undertake a full British tour once their fifth album is released later this year. As for Motörhead, well, their new album (recorded in the UK with producer ***Bill Laswell*** *and mixed in the States) is now set for release on May 21.*

■ AFTER WEEKS of uncertainty, **Uriah Heep** have now officially confirmed that they have indeed split up. However, aside from keyboardsman **John Sinclair** (who is currently working with **Ozzy Osbourne**) no other member of the band has yet announced any future plans.

■ **SPIDER** HAVE parted company with lead guitarist **Sniffa**; however the band hope to announce a replacement shortly.

In the meantime, the quartet have been forced to cancel their entire UK tour, dates for which were announced in *Tour Newz* last issue. This is due *not* to Sniffa's departure, but rather to the recent collapse of their record company *PRT* over here and the subsequent lack of financial backing for these dates. It seems likely that Spider's forthcoming album, **'Raise The Banner'**, will still be issued on the *PRT* label in certain parts of the world (including various European territories), though the situation in Britain remains unclear.

■ **RUNESTAFF** HAVE been forced to postpone the recording of their second album due to lead vocalist **Joanne Syme** having her tonsils removed.

MORE MAYHEM OVER PAGE

THE STAKK ATTAKK IS BAKK

■ ***WRATHCHILD*** *(PICTURED right) will begin work on their new, as yet untitled, album later this month. The LP is likely to include tracks drawn from the following list:* ***'Hoodlum', 'Blood On The Blade', 'Stikky Fingerz', 'Rebel Run Wild', 'Boyz Get Ready', 'Howitzer', 'Knock U Out', 'We're Gonna Win', 'War', 'She's No Angel', 'Rip It Up'*** *and* **'In Hoc Signo Vinces'.**

This record should be out later this year, however there's no news yet as to which label will pick it up. As has been widely reported, Wrathchild are presently involved in a legal dispute with Heavy Metal Records, *who issued their first album* ***'Stakk Attakk'*** *in 1984.*

This dispute concerns 'the validity of certain recording/publishing contracts' as well as 'copyrights'. According to a recent communication from the Wrathchild management: 'The band do not consider themselves bound by these (ties) any longer and having received lengthy and explicit counselling on the matter feel free to enter into this new project, the situation with the said party (HMR) *having deteriorated beyond the realms of any reasonable compromise'.*

Commenting on the situation, a spokesman for Heavy Metal Records *stated: "The group are still under contract to us for both recording and publishing and we will seek to obtain an injunction against them if they do intend to record."*

On the live front Wrathchild will be appearing at Evesham Public Hall on April 18 in a charity special for local hospitals. Tickets are priced at £2.50 and are available by post from: ***The Evesham Journal, 58 High St, Evesham, Worcs.*** *All cheques/POs should be made payable to the* ***'Journal 125 Appeal'.*** *Support acts on this self-styled Shock Treatment Spectacular will be* ***Zeb Dragon*** *plus* ***Mr. Toad*** *and* ***Those Norty Majorcans.***

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

HEAR 'N' AID LAUNCHED, CAMPBELL OUT OF DIO

■ THE **HEAR 'N' AID** project, Heavy Metal's answer to Band Aid/USA for Africa, is scheduled to appear on the *Vertigo* label in the UK on April 11. Titled **'Stars'** and co-written by **Ronnie James Dio** (who also acted as producer), **Jimmy Bain** and **Vivian Campbell**, it will be available in both seven inch/12" forms with the B-side – titled **'The 4½ Minute Interview'** – containing snippets of comment from a number of the artists involved. The lyrics are as follows:

Who cries for the children/I do
Sometimes in the night
When you're feeling the cold
Take a look at the sky above you
Those are faces in the light
If the story were told
They keep calling you – calling you
We are magic in the night
We are shadow we are light
We are forever you and I
We're stars
We're stars
We can be strong
We are fire and stone
And we all want to touch a rainbow
But singers and songs
Will never change it alone
So we are calling you – calling you
We're the beating of the heart
The beginning we're the start
Forever we will shine
(repeat chorus)
We are music in the night
We are shadow we are light
We are forever you and I
(repeat chorus)

THE ASSEMBLED Hear 'N' Aid multitude: out with the magnifying glasses, readers. . .

The guitar solos on the 12" version are supplied by the following musicians: **Craig Goldie**, now with **Dio** (see rest of story), **Eddie Ojeda** of **Twisted Sister**, **Vivian Campbell**, previously with Dio, **Brad Gillis** of **Night Ranger**, **Neal Schon** of **Journey**, **George Lynch** of **Dokken**, **Yngwie Malmsteen**, **Carlos Cavaso** of **Quiet Riot**, **Buck Dharma** of **Blue Öyster Cult**, **Adrian Smith** and **Dave Murray** of **Iron Maiden**.

As well as the Hear 'N' Aid single, *Vertigo* will also be issuing an accompanying album featuring material from a host of different acts, including contributions from artists who, for one reason or another, were unable to get involved with the aforementioned 45. No release date for the LP has yet been finalised and the exact form it will take (single album? Double?) has still to be decided, but it does seem likely to include the full version of 'Stars' along with songs from the likes of **Rush**, **Dio**, **Kiss**, the **Scorpions** and **Y&T**. Hopefully, all the material included will be previously unavailable (for example, Y&T mainman **Dave Meniketti** tells us that the band are providing a *studio* version of the track **'Go For The Throat'** that will not have been heard before), but this is clearly an ambitious aim, so we'll just have to see how things go.

The entire project will be officially launched *via* a press conference in London on April 8 (venue to be announced); it is hoped that all the members of Dio will be there along with other Heavy Metal luminaries, international press people and representatives from the **USA For Africa Foundation** who will be handling the distribution of all the money raised.

And if all the members of Dio *do* put in an appearance that won't include guitarist Vivian Campbell (on far left of pic), who has now been replaced in the band by former **Giuffria/Driver** member Craig Goldie.

It seems that Viv and Ronnie haven't exactly seen eye to eye for quite some time, but the final straw came, it seems, when the Irish guitarist started channelling his energies into a (non-heavy rock!) project that had nothing to do with Dio the band. The band's management company (Niji) have yet to make an official statement on the matter, so brace yourselves for the full details next issue.

WIN A TRIP TO SEE SABBATH IN AMERICA!

Hey you! Do you wanna have the chance to see the brand new, all-spanking Black Sabbath line-up live in Texas?! Well, *Kerrang!* is offering you the chance to do just that.

We're gonna fly one *very* lucky person out to the land of oil and sun to see the Sabs in action at one of America's top concert venues later this month. All you have to do is correctly answer the three kwestions below:

1) Who produced the latest Sabbath album, 'Seventh Star'?

2) Name three other bands/projects with which new Sabs lead vocalist Glenn Hughes has been associated.

3) When Black Sabbath last played a gig in the UK, who was their lead vocalist?

Put your answers on a postcard with your name, address and telephone number and send it to: Black Sabbath Kompetition, *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ. The kompetition kloses on April 16, so get krackin'!

Pic Tony Mottram

BRAIN FEVER...

■ **IQ** (PICTURED above) issue a new single through the *Samurai* label (with distribution *via Pinnacle*) on April 11. It will be made available in a special shaped disc, designed in the style of the band's logo, and will feature re-recorded versions of **'Intelligence Quotient'** and **'It All Stops Here'**, both of which were originally on the **'Seven Stories Into Eight'** cassette album put out a couple of years ago and long since deleted.

In addition, the quintet will take to the road to play the following shows: **Stoke-on-Trent Shelley's** April 14, **Bristol Roxy's** 15, **Nottingham Rock City** 16, **Swansea Marina Club** 17, **Dudley JB's** 19, **London Piccadilly Theatre** 20.

MALCOLM DOME

...FIRE POWER!

ALTHOUGH BLIGHTY has been in the grip of some cold weather of late, things have really been hotting up for **Beltane Fire** (pictured below). After the release (at last!) of their excellent debut album, **'Different Breed'**, and their successful tour of this country supporting **Marillion** (as a result of which they gained a multitude of admirers), the Fire-boys are currently fanning their flames with a new 45, **'Excalibur'** (reviewed this issue), and a UK tour of their own to promote it. The single, taken from the album, will also be available as a remixed 12" version which, I'm reliably informed, will include excerpts from a battle scene in the middle (?). So if you haven't already tasted the band through 'Different Breed', buy this single and catch 'em on the road soon; I'm sure that by the Summer you'll all be warming to the delights of Beltane Fire.

MARK PUTTERFORD

Pic Fin Costello

K: Kompost! KK: Klueless! KKK: Kompetent!
KKKK: Korrosive! KKKKK:Kolossal!

CJSS (David Chastain far left): 'histrionic guitar heroics and virtuouso nuclear fretboard doodlings'

FIVE ALIVE

DAVID T. CHASTAIN'S CJSS
'World Gone Mad'
(Black Dragon BD007)
KKKK½

SINNER
'Touch Of Sin'
(Noise 0026 import)
KKKK¾

DC LACROIX
'Crack Of Doom'
(Black Dragon pre-release tape)
KKK½

GRAVE DIGGER
'War Games'
(Noise 0034 import)
KKK¾

ONSLAUGHT
'The Force'
(Under One Flag FLAG 1)
KKKK

WHY ARE these five bands grouped together in the selfsame review? Because they're HOT, that's why! Unknown, dumbly 'n' clumsily named and on little ol' labels, maybe . . . but HOT all the same!

If you're in need of a ferocity-fix, any one of these acts will unfailingly send adrenalin charged with armageddon-aggression coursing through your steel-tubed arteries. Personally, I find that the likes of Chastain, Sinner *et al* manage to refresh the precious, palpitatin' parts major league artists just can't seem to reach these dishwater-days. Read on, I think you'll agree . . .

DAVID T. CHASTAIN'S CJSS (try saying that mouthful of a monicker after the merest *sip* of *Jack!*) hail from Cincinnati, Ohio. Formed from the ashes of so-called 'MidWest Metal legends' Spike and Prizoner, they have been together as one (© Stryper) since November 1984.

'World Gone Mad' is, as far as I can ascertain, the first album from the band, although mainman Chastain – who has been touted as 'the next big thing in the field of Heavy Metal guitar gods' – also has a solo project to his name, 'Mystery Of Illusion', released on *Shrapnel* (USA) and *Roadrunner* (Europe) and featuring enticingly-named gal singer 'Leather'.

The first thing that attracted me to this particular LP was the zappy cover of the ancient Zep chestnut 'Communication Breakdown'; a loose 'n' lethal rendition that could quite possibly be *better* than the original! But soon enough the inherent power of the riotous remainder of the LP began to impinge on my steam-driven senses: 'Hell On Earth', 'No Man's Land', 'Welcome To Damnation' and more, each one a fully-fledged fist-clenched bulldozin' Bruno-bruiser with David T. Chastain's histrionic guitar heroics and virtuoso nuclear fretboard doodlings not so much upfront as way *out there!*

With bassist Mike Skimmerhorn and drummer Les Sharp providing admirable

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ON TOUR

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THURSDAY 3rd
DUBLIN — SFX HALL

SATURDAY 5th
LONDON — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SUNDAY 6th
BRISTOL — HIPPODROME

MONDAY 7th
BIRMINGHAM — ODEON

TUESDAY 8th
MANCHESTER — APOLLO

THURSDAY 10th
EDINBURGH — PLAYHOUSE

FRIDAY 11th
NEWCASTLE — MAYFAIR

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REVIEWZ

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

rivvum support and enthusiastic rookie singer Russell Jinkens screaming his lungs red raw, this CJSS lot are undoubtedly destined for greater, grosser things. If you remain unconvinced, a single listen to 'WGM's big ballad, the majestic 'Run To Another Day', should shift your wavering sideways thumb into a positive upward direction. Rarely has Metal sounded quite *this* musicianly, quite *this* mature . . .

NOW DON'T be put off by the banal and unimaginative handle **'Sinner'**, cos I really can't recommend this 'Touch Of Sin' LP of theirs enough. Although this is their fourth album, it's the first to feature the tantalisin' talents of guitarist Herman Frank . . . and believe me, the addition of this ex-Accept axeman really does seem to have given this Kraut outfit (Krautfit?) a new, lissom lease of life.

Frank's abilities, coupled with Dirk Steffens' compellingly classy, marvellously modern production, make this a disc to be revered and treasured. The temptation is to pristinely preserve the thing for all time inside a hermetically-sealed, vacuum-packed, disease-free plastic envelope . . . only trouble is, the motivation to keep on plunging a dusty, jagged needle into its grooves is far, far greater!

Kicking off with the addle-headed avalanche-anthem 'Born To Rock', 'TOS' starts on a high and then heads straight for the stratosphere, with only the mildly monotonous 'Bad Girl' threatening a tragic Shuttle-style plunge back down to earth.

'The Storm Broke Loose' is a giant, brooding slowie that couldabin recorded by Rainbow in their heyday, 'Shout!' and 'Out Of Control' would not so much make Johnny Z's balls vibrate as cause them to shrivel like prunes and clatter to the floor, the gleaming 'Emerald' makes the Thin Lizzy gem look like a worthless hunk of costume jewellery . . . d'ya get the picture?

This is artistocratic Hard Rock and I find it frankly unbelievable that *no bastard* has bothered to pick this 'un up from the import racks and reward it with UK release respectability. (Sad to report that now Herman Frank has left Sinner to join forces with Victory, the four-and-three-quarters 'K' klassiness of 'TOS' could well turn out to be a one-off flare of solar brilliance . . .)

ALTHOUGH AN occasionally iffy offering, I find myself strangely attracted to **DC LaCroix**'s 'Crack Of Doom' – and no, hand on . . . uh . . . heart, the sultry charms of this issue's *Ladykiller* have not had one iota of influence on this pulse-pounding opinion!

Based in Sherman Oaks, California, this band is the burgeoning brainchild of Sylvie LaCroix (lead vocals/guitar) and Dan Christopherson (lead guitar/vocals). 'Crack . . .' is stuffed full of tortuous, tempestuous and, yeah, rather *unusual* Metal, music characterised by Christopherson's speedy, inventive rifferama and Sylvie's offbeat singing style (definitely an acquired taste).

First track 'Rip It Up' is *piquant* Pop Metal, an '80s Quatro stomper with a cheeky prick-teazin' mid-section rap from Ms LaCroix. An obvious single choice, this jaunty opener isn't really representative of the album as a whole, the remaining trax being a tad more tight-lipped 'n' tormented.

'Black Leather Monster' is tuff, trashy and reminiscent of an HM B-52's, 'Day Of Two Suns' is a subtly powerful paean to Rupert Murdoch and his top secret Wapping plan, 'Burn The Bridge' is a venomous diatribe against past band members who failed to make the grade . . . good stuff, to be sure, but not particularly E-Z listening. There's an element of intensity about this band, a kinda underlying menace that's difficult to pinpoint and really must be experienced first hand.

DC LaCroix have a way to go, some of their toons sound a little ill-formed/ill-conceived, so it'd be foolish to make outlandish claims about future career escalation. But there's *sumthin'* present in their mutilated, Mephistophelean make-up that elevates 'em way above run-of-the-mill . . . and for this reason Cross Examination should be wholeheartedly recommended.

IF, LIKE ME, you enjoy putting your souvenir Metal Church neck brace to full and good use, then you surely must be aware of the existence of toxic Teutons **Grave Digger**.

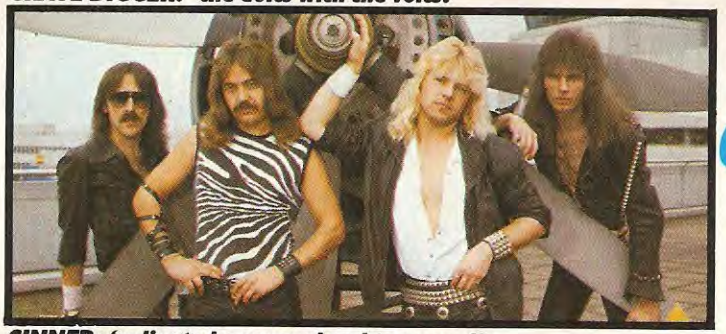
Their first album 'Heavy Metal Breakdown' was – and, indeed, still *is* – a classic chunk of leadweight lunacy, what with its raucous, rampant title track, the cerebellum-snappin', brainbox-bruisin' 'Headbanging Man', the hideously 'sensitive' ballad 'Yesterday' 'n' all. In comparison the follow-up LP, 'Witch Hunter', was rather disappointing ("They've lost the knack," proclaimed HoJo back in issue 92) and 'War Games', although substantially better, still doesn't quite manage to usurp '. . . Breakdown' from the Total Head Removal throne.

It's still a good 'un, though; GD really excel at dumbo Metal anthems (they're the dolts with the volts!) and there's a beaming brace of low intellect lodestars here, namely 'Keep On Rockin'' and 'Let Your Heads Roll'. Imagine Priest's 'Take On The World' covered by Accept and played at drag racer pace and you'll have a pretty decent idea as to how well this killer kouplet kome akross – Mullard Metal never sounded so good!

Elsewhere, however, the dirty 'Diggers tend to overreach 'emselves, particularly during the course of *Side Two*'s rather dodgy five-track atomic war conceptual epic. There're some fine moments, for sure: the nukesome nugget '(Enola Gay) Drop The Bomb' shows the OMD single up for the damp squib we knew it was all along, 'Paradise' is a true monolith of molten Metal, vocalist Chris Boltendahl and his *Rottweiler* voicebox making Udo Dirkschneider sound like Steve Perry, 'Fallout' creeps up on you slow and deadly, a black-clad assassin with carpet slippers on . . . but, despite all those positive aspects the entire radioactive rumpus doesn't really gel *as a whole*, which surely shouldabin the prime intention.

It pains me to be a little down on Grave Digger but, let's face it, the band ain't shovelling the earth with quite the supremely simple-minded style that they usedta!

GRAVE DIGGER: 'the dolts with the volts!'



SINNER: 'a disc to be revered and treasured'

ONSLAUGHT: 'the direct UK equivalent to Slayer'

ONSLAUGHT'S 'THE Force' LP is without doubt the fastest, most frenetic, nefarious 'n' downright *noisy* recording on offer on these pages.

A former bunch of Bristolian punks, this lot specialise in (and I quote young Paul Miller from his excellent 'UK Dekay' article in the already-classic debut edition of *Mega Metal Kerrang!*) *'merciless riffs hammered out at sublight speeds . . . pure Slayeresque Thrash at its most intense that has already seen underground 'bangers the world over salivate rivers of delight'.*

Couldn't have put it better myself . . . except mebbe to highlight the Slayer factor a smidgeon more, cos really these ornery Onslaught oiks are the direct UK equivalent to Messrs Araya, King, Hanneman and Lombardo. They ain't *quite* as fast, their toons ain't *quite* as memorable (in truth, none of the songs on 'The Force' stand up to direct comparison with the likes of 'Kill And Kill Again' or 'Evil Has No Boundaries') but they're well on their way, that's for Frashin' sure!

No track on this LP clocks in at under six minutes – indeed, 'Flame Of The Antichrist' runs to an awesome 8:28 – so if nothing else this power-hungry package represents excellent VFM (Value For Mayhem).

As album opener 'Let There Be Death' marauded from the speakers, the first word to enter my tattered reviewing notebook was *'mighty'* (complete with capital letters, exclamation mark *and* written by trembling hand!) to be followed by such primitive phraseology as *'total madness', 'extremist kill power', 'blur craziness'* and even, I'll admit, *'it'll be nice when it finishes'*. See, 'The Force' doesn't exactly inspire assessments loaded with literary finesse; basic adjectives are all you need to describe basic music, basic aggression, even . . . basic brilliance!

Heads down, no messin', all-out Thrash plays a major part in 'The Force's convoluted content, but that's by no means the be-all and end-all. Beneath all the madness, the discerning listener should be able to detect well-sussed speedball arrangements deviously designed, like a sadistic dentist's pocket-sized pneumatic piledriver, for *maximum devastation*. Open wide, my friends, and enjoy, enjoy . . .

GEOFF BARTON

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 10

KICK DOWN THE WALLS

FROM PAGE 8

HELLOWEEN
'Walls Of Jericho'
(Noise N0032 import)
KKKKK

WELL, NOW that Metallica have become mega and started taking themselves far too seriously, I've had to start looking for an alternative and I think I've found it in this fine Speed Metal band Helloween. As regular *Kerrang!* readers will know, I recently slagged Helloween in a live situation, but on wax they're a kompletely different kettle of Metal!

Helloween first came to my attention in 1984 when they appeared on *Noise Records'* 'Death Metal' kompilation, and I have to confess they were very 'Janet & John' back then; just listen to 'Metal Invaders', which at this point ran for four minutes and 35 seconds and now resurfaces on 'Walls Of Jericho' at a much faster pace, clocking in at four minutes eight seconds – s**t, they'll be catching up with Steve Cram soon!

The next time I crossed paths with the Pumpkin Men was last year when I heard their debut mini-LP, called simply 'Helloween' (*Noise* 21), blaring out of Shades Records' PA! Igor was frashin' all over the shop, but I still couldn't see what all the fuss was about. Bernard Doe of *Metal Forces* has been singing the band's praises since their inception, but I remained baffled and confused . . . until, that is, 'Walls Of Jericho' hit the streets a few months back. I just had to sit up and take notice – hell, the Pumpkin Man was now running amok killing everything that crossed his path, including me if I didn't listen to his latest outing, so I did, and to use a well-worn *cliché* if I may, it seems to be third time lucky for Kai Hansen, Michael Weikath, Markus GroBkopf and Ingo Schwichtenberg, alias Helloween.

HELLOWEEN: Metallica watch out!

It's a funny ol' world we live in. It musta been in the stars, cos whilst I was playing 'Walls Of Jericho' on a cold Sunday evening recently the door-bell rang. Who could it be? Samantha Fox, maybe? Sadly not. It was, in fact, a rather drunk Lard Oilrig (Lars Ulrich), the Metallica skin-pounder.

"Xavier, have you got a spare squash racket, cos I've got the *Absolut Vodka?!*" he asked.

"If you've got the vodka, I've got the squash rackets," I replied.

As Lars walked through the door the opening chords of 'Gorgar' were oozing out of me house-trained *Celestion SL6*'s; Lars then picked up a squash racket and gave me a look of total disbelief as it dawned on him that he was actually frashin' out to a very familiar riff.

"F**k! This is 'Ride The Lightning'," he exclaimed, "but I like it! Who is this band, they've certainly got a sense of humour?"

Meanwhile, a metallic robot was screaming 'TILT!' in an attempt to stop Gorgar from eating people. Yeah, Lars is right, Helloween *are* funny. We pause briefly to recharge our tumblers with more of that nectar, *Absolut*, then carry on frashin' to a live rendition of 'Heavy Metal (Is The Law)', and f**kin' fast it is too.

"Christ, this is like Iron Maiden at a million miles an hour!" cried Ulrich, having trouble keeping up with the frashin' geetars of messrs Hansen and Weikath. Once again, he's right of course, but what he failed to mention is that Helloween have twice the power and energy of Maiden and that they should change the title to *'Speed* Metal (Is The Law)'!

Then we came to the final track, the masterful 'How Many Tears', and believe me the tears will be rolling down your cheeks when you hear the brilliant arrangement of this song, complete with touches of Metallica in the time-changes – yeah, *four* songs within a song! TOTAL SPEED DEATH! Buy this record or Gorgar will eat you! Watch out Metallica, these boys are serious contenders for your Frash/Speed Krown!

By this point, Lars had collapsed on the floor in a messy heap, demanding something slower.

"Can we hear a Riot album now, the one with the song 'Outlaw' on it?" he pleaded.

"OK, 'Fire Down Under' coming up, wimp," I sarcastically replied.

'Walls Of Jericho', was obviously too fast for Lars, but how will *you* fare?

XAVIER RUSSELL

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 12

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FROM PAGE 10

MARILLION
'Brief Encounter'
(Capitol Records MLP-15023 import)
KKKK

AS ENGLAND and the rest of Europe recline on one knee before the rude and raggedy spectre of Marillion's giant success these last fast 12 months, America, home of the Silver Dollar and other likely surprises, is only now displaying a keen and positively unhealthy interest in their music and its meaning, slowly, surely, becoming deeply aware of their name, hip to their moves and more sure of their game. America is now calling Marillion to her fat milk-and-dollar bosom, and the band are grand enough to listen.

In 1985 the album 'Misplaced Childhood' and the single 'Kayleigh' were not just the band's tickets to gold and platinum Eldorado in Europe and the UK; both records, particularly 'Kayleigh', were the first that Marillion had *seriously* to offer America.

Simply, in terms of US sales, Marillion had their first hungry bite at the *Billboard* Hot 100 charts on both counts. But more significant for the band was the reaction of their American record company, *Capitol*.

Neither the 'Script For A Jester's Tear' LP nor the 'Fugazi' album for that matter had sold doodly-squat in America, and the band's two previous US tours had enjoyed little, if any, real success. Like everything else that happened to Marillion last year, 'Kayleigh' and 'Misplaced Childhood' changed all that, literally overnight, and no messin'!

Here in 1986, Marillion are currently working through their first properly co-ordinated US tour, one moment guesting on the massive Rush jaunt into the heart of the American Mid-West, the next out headlining their own smaller concerts.

It's the band's first visit Stateside since the name Marillion ceased to be synonymous, in American music-biz jargon, with odd cold statements like 'uncommercial', 'difficult', 'weird' and 'esoteric', their first palms-down shot at American stardom . . .

To commemorate the event, *Capitol Records* in America have just released 'Brief Encounter', a five-track mini-album intended as a sampler for potential US fans. Also, with the band on the road the record company require new product to sell; any Stateside tour without it would be doomed and ill-conceived at this stage in Marillion's career.

So . . . 'Brief Encounter': three live tracks, 'Kayleigh', 'Fugazi', and 'Script For A Jester's Tear', and two former B-sides recorded for the British release of the singles 'Kayleigh' and 'Lavender'.

Whether it will finally be released in the UK, I can't say, I don't know, but be warned: if you're considering purchasing an import copy, the thrust and spear of this package is *intentionally* directed towards America.

If you already own the 12-inch versions of 'Kayleigh' and 'Lavender', that'll leave you with just three 'new' tracks you won't have heard before, though, having said that, these three live outings are worth their weight in tarnished Celtic gold.

Ah . . . what can I tell you? Here are the facts; you're the best one to know if you want in after that.

'Lady Nina' pop-pops into her tired life at the start of *Side One*, and from here I'm sold. It's been months anyway since I last had a blast of those mountainous electronic drums, smeared my mouth on those tongue-biting lyrics and drove my life to drink every time Steve Rothery hits one of those mock-heroic slappy guitar chords.

'Lady Nina' is Edwardian disco glammed up on a dozen Tequilas and the sardonic slur of a lost foreign poet, abroad at the bar, overseas in your arms, tonite . . .

Never before released in America, 'Lady Nina' is also the band's current US single, and it is said with some confidence that *Capitol Records* in America want very badly to make it a hit. Sunk at the bar, I await dispatches.

'Freaks' follows. I don't think Marillion have yet recorded a bad or boring B-side, an astonishing fact in itself, rare in the music industry, but one of the best numbers written and recorded *specifically* as an original B-side, is 'Freaks'. Glides in, walks around and leaves, sudden, strange, in the middle of the night, like a lonely ghost looking for a place to stay.

A live version of 'Kayleigh' ends the side, and somehow, for me, it's the least interesting moment. Note-for-note perfect, you could say, with a nice fresh bounce to the rhythm, Fish's voice honeyed and sure, the crowd remembering their lines, it's a warm moment and a great song but somehow I've ODed on it.

Maybe they should have experimented a bit more and kept the 'Pseudo Silk Kimino' passage intact? Then I might have remembered it.

Side Two is wonderful. 'Fugazi' creeps slowly, does its dance, and flowers like a poppy at the climax, ballsier than the studio recorded track, two years of muscle and sweat heavier, and beautifully recorded.

The same can be said for closer 'Script For A Jester's Tear'. Powerful yet streamlined performances all round, every measure of drama wrenched from the heart of the songs, much better, more wilfully potent than the originals.

Footnote: Trivia freaks will no doubt note the inaccuracy of the sleeve info. It says that all the live tracks were recorded at the *Hammersmith Odeon* at the start of the recent UK tour.

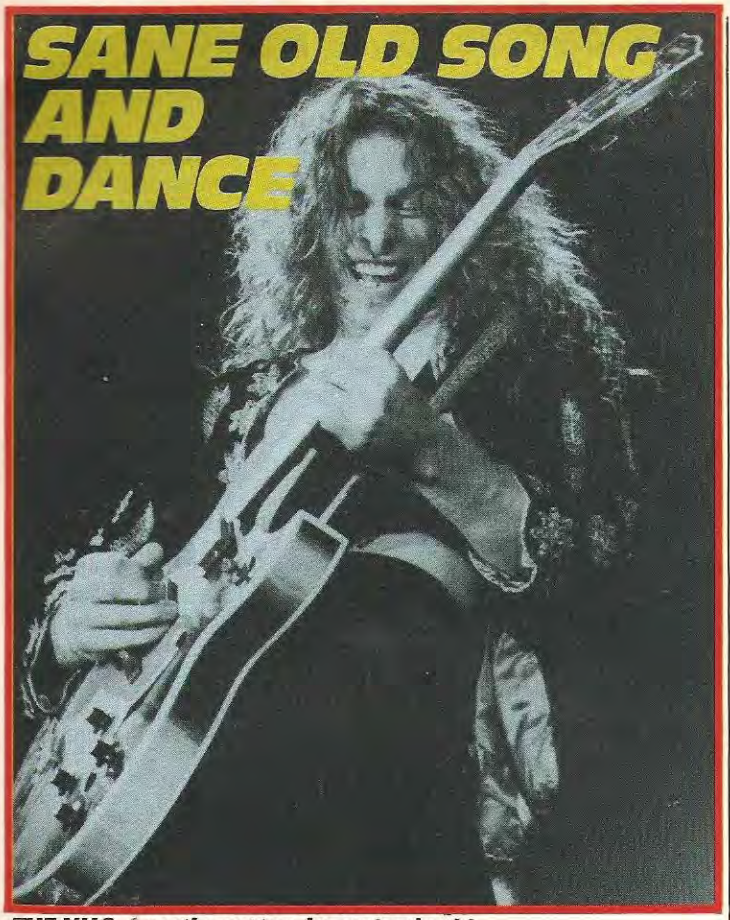
However, as Fish cries *'Leicester goodnight!'* at the end of 'Fugazi', I'm inclined to the belief that this at least is a much older recording. Oh well. The Yanks will probably think he means Leicester Square!

MICK WALL

Pic Ray Palmer

MARILLION'S FISH: looking towards the American market

SANE OLD SONG AND DANCE



THE NUG: 'mostly mutton dressed as lamb'

TED NUGENT
'Little Miss Dangerous'
(Atlantic Records 7 81632-1 import)
KKK

NOT A startling release, the new Ted Nugent album, 'Little Miss Dangerous'. Ten tracks that, for my money, have fewer genuine hell-for-leather highs than lows. Much of 'Little Miss Dangerous' is pedestrian and plain. The recording and all the performances from the many contributing musicians are damn near perfect, the production shines hard like a diamond and bounces light over everything, beautiful. But the songs? Too often drab and dashed off the wrist, I'm afraid, secondary to the daring breathless performances of the guitars all the time.

Verging from the sublime (as on the title track, honky guitars weaving magic funk spells, drums breathing heavy) to the ridiculous (hitting an all-time low with an absurdly heavy-handed version of the Burt Bacharach/Hal David standard, 'Little Red Book'), the album hops spasmodically from the good to the bad and the boorish.

The good can be counted on the palm of one hand; 'High Heels In Motion', Ted's current US single, opens up the album in a wild, charismatic burst of colour; 'Little Miss Dangerous' may just be the best track, crawling around on hands and knees like an animal with a bad thirst on, guitars carving up the sky with their lightning, the story a strange one; 'Crazy Ladies', which closes *Side One*, is another goodie, high-tech Thrash, like Motörhead with money and plenty of Californian sun, superbly percussive, running like a bastard and opening a wound.

(Sounds like 'Motor City Madhouse' barely *re-written to me – Ed)*

Side Two only holds one really tight moment for me, though. 'When Your Body Talks' is what it's called, and it's a beaut. Commercial as hell, but twice as pokey.

The rest is wholesale Nugent. Gone from 'Penetrator' days is vocalist Brian Howe, and sharing the lead vocals and rhythm guitars alongside Ted we find newcomer, Dave Amato, once a member of Tahnee Cain's outfit (on the road the pair will be augmented by bassist Dave Kiswiney and drummer Cliff Davies).

Musically, it seems to be a tight union, overly commercial purely for the lack of a better idea in places, to wit, the 'Little Red Book' thing, but with equal portions of Ted's customary boiling guitar to tie the whole thing together and whiplash a lot of the half-assed ideas into reasonably respectable shape.

Mostly, though, this is mutton dressed as lamb. The songs just aren't there, and it's a drag to get palmed-off with drek like 'Strangers' or 'Take Me Away' – especially on a wild, wild, wild Ted Nugent album.

"I preferred Ted Nugent when he was still crazy. He's just too sane for me these days," remarked Dante Bonutto, giving me his first impressions of this album on the phone this morning. Me, I've always been a good friend to the sane, even if they *don't* ever drink enough, but when they start asking me to listen to their mad, raving music, I lose interest if they haven't got good songs.

'Little Miss Dangerous' doesn't have nearly enough of them.

MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

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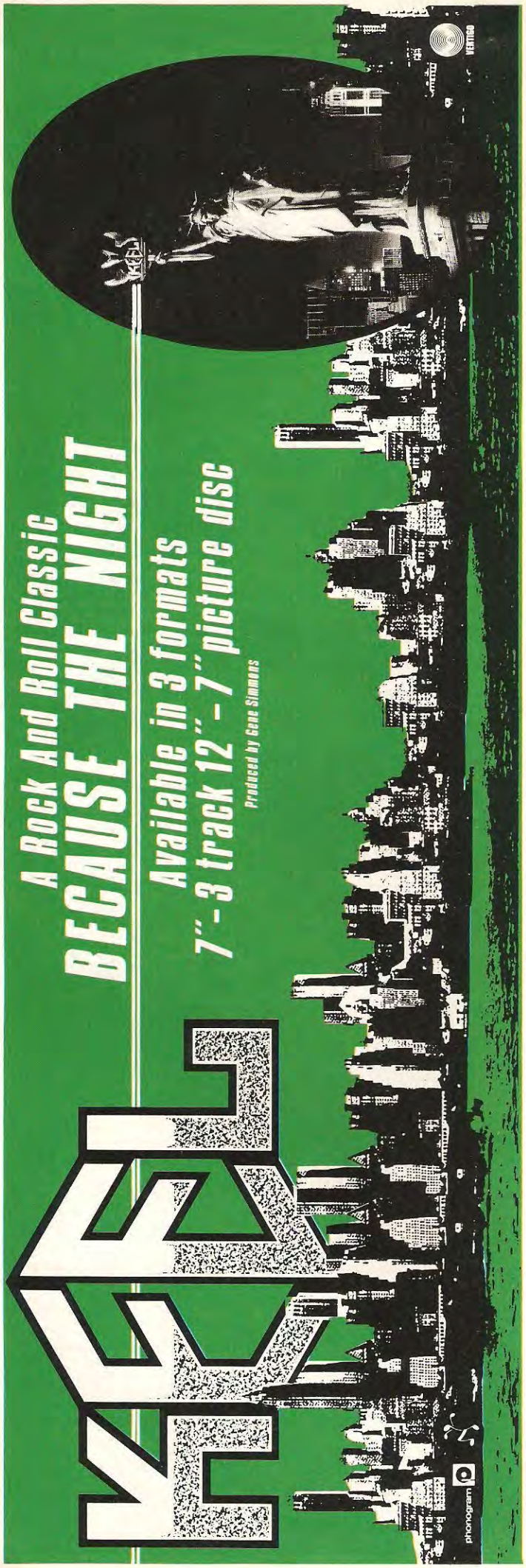

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

JUDAS PRIEST
'Turbo'
(CBS advance tape)
KKKKK

OK, SO let's not pussy-foot around here, guys, this is IT!! Wimps move aside, AOR fans run for cover – this is Real Man's music, accept no substitute; the kings of Heavy Metal are back at their greatest, Earth-splintering, toe-nail removing BEST!!

Eight years ago Judas Priest produced what, to my mind, remains to this day one of perhaps four or five albums that define Heavy Metal in all its glory; that album was 'Stained Class'.

Now some of you out there in readership land may be thinking that yours truly, the scourge of the HM scene, has lost his marbles and is typing a load of dingo's kidneys here, so let me explain. Priest have always been my favourite HM band. To me, they sum it all up – the brain-damaging noise, the spectacle, the campness, the gut-mauling lead-breaks! And 'Stained Class' was their apotheosis. Goddammit, there are noises on that album that *still* set my rib cage rattling!

But enough of this, let's talk 'Turbo'!! This is machete-cleaving-the-brain time, a blood-drenched powerhouse of an album that delivers nothing but first-rate *Magnum .45s* to the adrenal glands. If we could only distil this album, refine it and mainline it, God knows, governments could topple and Red Seas could part! AAAAAAARRRRRRGGGHHHHH-HHHH!!!

On with the show. 'Turbo' features nine tracks of brain-curdling Metal brought to you *via* the loving mixing desk of Tom Allom who has been listening with some intent to both 'Eliminator' and 'Afterburner', I shouldn't wonder. And so too, doubtless, have the leathered ones! No, no, don't get me wrong! I'm not for one moment suggesting that this is a rip-off, far from it. While ZZ Top have cruised into the mainstream, the JPs have gone for wholesale butchery. But this is defined and delineated butchery, this is the butchery of craftsmen armed with the sharpest of scalpels, the keenest of blades!

'Turbo Lover', the UK single, kicks off with some Bill Ham/Billy Gibbons inspired synths before the drums come thundering in like it was APOCALYPSE NOW!!! Dave Holland's 'tubs' on this album hurtle out of the speakers delivering as much death and destruction as a leak from Sellafield – personally, I wouldn't have wanted to be in the same country when these tracks were being laid down. The decibel count is phenomenal.

'I'm your Turbo Lover / Tell me there's no other / I'm your Turbo Lover / Better run for cover!' cries Rockin' Rob Halford. Me? I'm heading for the hills!

'Locked In' introduces some serious riffing from the Downing/Tipton camp and this one's the US single. Rob hits his only really high notes on this track, the rest of the album being strangely devoid of the usual Priest histrionics. But what we *do* get is Tipton and Downing interweaving their respective lead breaks.

'Private Property' is more anthemic, a stomp-along track aided and abetted by a constant background barrage of sheet-metal pulsing from the (as yet) unknown keyboard player. And it is their use of synths on this album that lifts it up and beyond any Metal release I've heard in a long time. As the synths don't intrude on the lead instruments, however, they don't drastically alter the character of Priest's music, just give it a whole new dimension. They fill out the sound, bring the band crashing into the Eighties and layer 'Turbo' in a way that still allows the guitars to mesh and maul like fury.

'Parental Guidance' and 'Rock You All Around The World' find Priest on familiar territory with riffs to spare and cries from the football stands. This is the stuff Metal was supposed to be about.

Over on *Side Two* 'Out In The Cold' again starts off with some majestic synth work in a manner reminiscent of Zeppelin at their grandest, with Halford's vocals shooting from both sides at the end, barely avoiding collision.

But it's 'Hot For Love' that gives the inspiration game away as Priest turn on the ZZ Top-style guitars in the dual lead break, while some spine-shattering percussion carries on in the background, again all produced over a layer of fine keyboard texture. And, indeed, 'Turbo's use of the synth must count as one of the finest, most intelligent applications of the instrument yet devised – never intrusive yet always menacingly present in the back of the mix. Excruciatingly wonderful, full marks to all concerned.

Rob Halford screams on the final track: *'I'm caught in a Gale Force Ten!'*, which is what this album represents – the musical equivalent of a Gale Force Ten. Don't even bother trying to resist it, it'll simply blow you away!

DAVE DICKSON

TURBO TITANS!

PRIEST's ROB HALFORD: "I'm your Turbo lover. . . your Turbo what?! Your Turbo what???!"

ACCEPT
'Russian Roulette'
(In Disc DIL 3587 import)
KKKK½

TOTAL KRAUT DEATH! Yeah, 'Russian Roulette's a fun game to play! Hell, I squeezed the trigger five times and nowt happened – guess it was just my lucky day! Accept, on the other hand, prefer living dangerously, as this new 'Russian Roulette' album shows. I was expecting another commercial outing in the 'Metal Heart' vein, but – shock, horror! – 'RR' is well strange; I have to confess it took me at least four spins to get into the ol' 'leaning-to-and-fro-routine' with me beloved squash racket. Maybe the fact that the band produced the album themselves has a lot to do with the way it feels and sounds. Checkin' out the sleeve notes, I noticed that Michael (Malice) Wagener is credited as having 'recorded' the album – surely he shoulda been granted the role of 'producer'?!

Now the Germans have always been renowned for their bizarre sense of humour – hell, you've only got to 'ave a 'butchers' at the cover of 'RR' (reproduced in *Kerrang!* 115) to see what I'm waffling on about.

Udo Dirkschneider switches on the album with 'TV War', a teasing little tale about the effect of war on the ol' 'Ned Kelly'! *'TV War is a part of life/Entertaining and far, far away/What a story and how they fight/Let's gamble and guess who will win'.* The riffs backing up this hilarious song are well tasty and, dare I say it, very Accept-like.

But this strange Germanic humour goes right off the rails on 'Monster Man', easily the best song on the album and an obvious follow-up to 'Dogs On Leads'. Udo really lets his tonsils loose here and the sooner *Portrait* release this wee gem as a single (with yours truly directing the video, of course) the better.

Other high points include the title cut, which is slow'n'moody, Udo literally 'grumbling' out his words, frightened that the gun might go off, while 'Aiming High' takes over where 'Aces High' left off – yes, this is very much a Wolf Hoffman/Jörg Fischer toon, their geetars battling it out over Udo's screaming vocals. And just listen to those smouldering axes – I can guarantee some serious squash racket action here, folks!

Side Two's skull-krushers include 'Heaven Is Hell', which is plodding Accept at their best, complete with banal lyrics: *'Heaven is there where hell is/And hell is down on earth'*, the whole thing easing along on Hoffmann's powerhouse riffin' – very 'Balls To The Stalls'-like. And, finally, we come to 'Man Enough To Cry' which, surprisingly enough, has a Rainbow tinge to it, especially in the riffin' department.

So there you have it, folks, Accept have come up trumps again; buy the album and get your tickets for the Accept/Dokken UK tour. See yer down the front! XAVIER RUSSELL

THE ROLLING STONES
'Dirty Work'
(CBS 86321)
KKKK

THE 35th Stones album is a rocking re-affirmation of their best qualities. They're sharp, smart and impelled by the dynamo throb of yore, making you wonder if Jagger, Richards and friends have harnessed the secret of perpetual motion.

The album features a clean, crisp production by Steve Lillywhite, aided by the 'Glimmer Twins' (*ie* Mick and Keith). It was recorded in Paris last year over a five-month period and, despite the occasional row, the result is one the best Stones' releases in ages.

Most of the tempos are up and racing, with Charlie Watts' snare drum cutting through with an unerring beat. The music seems closer to the spirit of the original Stones – a club band out to shake up its fans – before the age of megastardom and stadium rock. The Stones have such a welter of achievement behind them they no longer need to make weighty observations or dabble in satanism, psychedelia and the meaning of life. And yet . . . there is still the feeling that they are on the case, picking up on the mood of the times and responding with appropriate themes.

'Winning Ugly', which kicks off the second side, is the prime example. Mick proudly proclaims in bold, cynical tones that he prefers to be an achiever or winner rather than a loser, and the same feelings surface in the title track, where the singer chortles, *'Let some loser do the dirty work'*. You can almost see the sardonic grin as he awaits the fury these sentiments will unleash amongst the good and caring.

There is a whole crew of guest artists, but their role is more to lend moral support than make major contributions. Jimmy Page dubbed on a lead guitar solo or two in a New York studio, but most of the guitar work, riffy and pungent, is divided between Keith and Ron Wood. Woody also bursts into song on the Dylanish 'Sleep Tonight' and plays bass on 'Back To Zero' when Bill Wyman went down with flu. (Bill later added some keyboards).

Among the extra back-up singers are Don Covay, Ben E.King, Bobby Womack, Jimmy Cliff and Tom Waite.

The album kicks off with 'One Hit (To The Body)', which enters on a great slice of jangling guitar, presumably by Keith, with Mick chanting the hookline. 'Fight' follows, and is suitably punchy and violent, with a fast off-beat from Mr. Watts.

'Harlem Shuffle' (the first single), is typical of the many cover versions the Stones like to play while jamming in the studio. It was a toss-up between this one and the Shirelles' 'Putty In Your Hands'; the old Bob & Earle soul classic won out, but I think 'Winning Ugly' might have made a better singles choice.

'Hold Back' is not quite so memorable, and I never was a great reggae fan so I think I'll pass on 'Too Rude' which closes *Side One*. I much prefer 'Back To Zero', a sort of tribute to the Meters, the funk band who used to tour with the Stones.

'Had It With You' features more of that fast, clipped beat with howling harmonica, a real Sixties' rocker. You can almost hear the maracas splitting and the tambourines snapping.

CHRIS WELCH

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■ **THE FIRM** have just released their latest album, **'Mean Business'**, through the *Atlantic* label in the UK. For review see issue 114.

■ **KEEL** ISSUE a single through the *Vertigo* label on April 4. Available in seven inch/seven inch picture disc/12" formats, all will feature **'Because The Night'** (a cover of the **Patti Smith/ Bruce Springsteen** song) on the A-side with **'Rock 'N' Roll Animal'** on the flip. The 12" will also contain **'The Final Frontier'**, the title track of the band's new album (from which the other two numbers also come) due for release in the UK on April 11. For a review of the LP, see last issue.

■ **YES** HAVE just issued **'9012 Live: The Solos'** through the *Atco* label in the UK. For a review of this album see issue 110.

■ **PETE TOWNSHEND** has just released a new single through the *Atco* label. Available in seven inch/12" formats, both feature **'Give Blood'** (taken from the album **'White City'**) on the A-side with a live rendition of **the Who**'s **'Magic Bus'** (recorded at the *Brixton Academy* last November, when the guitarist appeared at a charity concert with a nine-piece backing band called **Deep End**) on the flip. The latter also has a live version of **'Won't Get Fooled Again'**, another Who classic performed at the aforementioned *Brixton Academy* show.

■ **BRYAN ADAMS** has re-issued his **'Cuts Like A Knife'** album through *A&M*.

■ THE NEW **Girlschool** single, a version of **Gary Glitter's** '73 classic **'Leader Of The Gang'** with Gary himself helping out on vocals, will now be released on April 14 and not the 21 as mentioned last issue. It will appear on the new *GWK* label in both seven and 12" formats.

■ ***CHROME MOLLY*** *(lead vocalist* ***Steve Hawkins*** *above left and bassist* ***Nick Wastell*** *above right) issue a new single through* Powerstation *on April 4. Available in seven inch/12" formats, both feature* ***'I Want To Find out'*** *on the A-side with* ***'Too Far Gone'*** *on the flip. The latter also contains a live version of* ***Gary Moore****'s* ***'Nuclear Attack'****.*

■ *COBRA RECORDS* in Canada will be issuing debut albums from **Exorcist** (**'Nightmare Theatre'**) and all-girl quartet **Original Sin** (**'Enchantress Of Death'**) during the next couple of months.

The full track listing for the Exorcist album is as follows:

Side One: **'Black Mass', 'The Invocation', 'Burnt Offering', 'The Hex', 'Possessed', 'Call For The Exorcist'** and **'Death By Bewitchment'.**

Side Two: **'The Trial', 'Execution Of The Witches', 'Consuming Flames Of Redemption', 'Megawatt Mayhem', 'Riding To Hell', 'Queen Of The Dead', 'Lucifer's Lament'** and **'The Banishment'.**

The full track listing for the Original Sin LP is as follows:

Side One: **'Conjuration Of The Watcher', 'The Curse', 'To The Devil A Daughter', 'A Slice Of Finger'** and **'Bitches From Hell'.**

Side Two: **'The Succubus', 'Pandora's Box', 'Thunder War', 'Enchantress Of Death'** and **'Disease Bonds'.**

■ **BIG COUNTRY** issue a new single through the *Phonogram* label on April 4. Available in seven inch/12" formats, both feature **'Look Away'** (produced by **Robin Millar**) on the A-side with **'Restless Natives'** on the flip. This latter track is the title song from a new movie, the music for which was penned by Big Country guitarist/vocalist **Stuart Adamson** and performed by the band. The 12" version also contains link music from the film.

■ **ZZ TOP** have just released a new single through *Warner Brothers*, **'Rough Boy'**. It's a remixed version of the track on **'Afterburner'** and is backed by **'Delirious'**, with the 12" featuring an extra song, the 'classic Metal' mix of **'Legs'**.

■ **DOKKEN**, currently touring with **Accept**, have just issued a new *Elektra* single, **'In My Dreams'**. Taken from their **'Under Lock And Key'** LP, the B-side is **'Til The Livin' End'** with the 12" featuring an additional cut, **'Alone Again'**.

■ **FRANKIE MILLER** has just released a new single through the *Vertigo* label. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'I'd Lie For Your Love'** on the A-side with **'Dancing In The Rain'** on the flip. The record was produced by **John Jansen** and features **Simon Kirke** (drums) and **Brian Robertson** (guitar).

An album titled **'Dancing In The Rain'** will be put out later this month.

■ **OUTSIDE EDGE** issue their debut album, **'Running Hot'**, through the *10 Records* label on April 14. Produced by **Terry Manning**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Heartbeat Away', 'Wait', 'Louella'** and **'Don't Be A Hero'.**

Side Two: **'Running Hot', 'Don't Leave Me Tonight', 'You', 'Heartbreaker'** and **'Hold On'.**

■ **THE MOODY BLUES** release a new single, **'Your Wildest Dreams'**, on the *Polydor* label on April 4. Available in both seven inch/12" formats, it is taken from the band's forthcoming album.

TWISTED SISTER play Hanley Victoria Halls on April 19. Tickets are priced at £5 (advance) or £5.50 (on the night).

SHY will be supporting **Twisted Sister** on their UK dates in April. For a full list of these shows, see *Mayhem* issue 114.

FLAME, a new London-based sextet, make their live debut at Shepherds Bush The Wellington on April 16. The band's line-up is bassist **Sean West** (formerly with **Marino The Band**), **Sue Hunt/Meat** (co-lead vocals), **Pete Southern/Greg Gregson** (guitar) and **Andy Lloyd** (drums). As yet without management representation, anyone interested in contacting the outfit should write to: **47 Sandycoombe Rd, E. Twickenham, TW1 2LR.** Tel: **01 892 9221** (evenings only).

THE WATERBOYS play the following dates during April/May: Dundalk Fairways April 6, Belfast Ulster Hall 7, Waterford The Bridge 9, Cork Connolly Hall 10, Dublin Olympic 11, Galway Sea Point 12, Norwich University Of East Anglia 24, London Royal Albert Hall 25 (in aid of **Greenpeace**), Aberdeen Ritzy 27, Edinburgh Empire 28, Glasgow Mayfair 29, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Tiffany's Ballroom 30, Liverpool University May 2, Cardiff University 3, Chippenham Golddiggers 4, Leicester University 6, Nottingham Rock City 7, Sheffield University 8, Salford University 9, Leeds University 10, Birmingham Powerhouse 12, London Hammersmith Palais 13.

Joining band leader/multi-instrumentalist/vocalist **Mike Scott** will be **Steve Wickham** (violin), **Anthony Thistlethwaite** (saxophone), **Guy Chambers** (piano) and **Dave Ruffy** (drums).

KOOGA play Bicester Servicemen's Club April 4, Wokingham Angie's 5, Glyneath Sports Club 11, Gwent Cross Keys Institute 12, Shepherds Bush The Wellington 23, Llanharan Rugby Football Club 25, Cardiff Bogey's 26, Wolverhampton Scruples May 10, Warrington The Lion Hotel 24.

EXCITER *(above) will be appearing at the London Marquee Club on April 8. This comes at the end of a European tour also taking in France, W. Germany, Scandinavia and Holland. Support act for the Marquee show will be* ***Onslaught****.*

BRIAR, who begin work on their second album (**'Back To The Wild Days'**) during early May, play Telford Oxengates Town Hall on May 1.

DORIAN GRAY, from Leeds, will be appearing at London Marquee Club on April 5/6.

MOHO PACK, who are being managed by **John McCoy**, play London Marquee Club on April 9.

EXCALIBUR play Nottingham Mardi Gras April 10, Burton-On-Trent Central Park 11, Keighley Fun House 17, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 19, Rippon Brontes 22, Shepherds Bush The Wellington 24, Letchworth Plinston Hall 25, Carlisle Stars & Stripes May 2, Wishaw Heathery Bar 3.

KNIGHTRIDER, from Paisley, will play Glasgow The Venue on April 11.

SEDUCER have lined up dates at Bradford Wheatsheaf April 10, Boston Indian Queen 11, Rippon Art College 12, Manchester Art Gallery 19, East Sheen The Bull 25, Hailsham The Crown May 2, Hastings The Carlisle 3, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's June 2.

SHARK, from Halifax, play Blackpool GPO Club April 6, Wolverhampton Scruples 17, Cardiff Bogey's 18, Tonypandy Naval Club 19, Walthamstow Royal Standard 28 (supporting **Savage**), Wrexham Kings Arms May 8, Nottingham Mardi Gras 29.

CRISIS, from Cheshire, play York Lynx April 18, Nottingham Mardi Gras 24.

EXPRESSIONS, from York, play York Melodies April 8, York Spotted Cow 16/30.

LARRY WALLIS plays Catford Visions on April 2.

MOURNBLADE will be playing the following dates: Wellington Shepherds Bush April 3, Catford Visions 6, High Wycombe Nags Head 19, Windsor Arts Centre May 10, London Alice In Wonderland 12.

The band were forced to cancel a batch of recent dates because members **Dunken F. Mullet** and **Paul White** received knife wounds during a bar room brawl in London's Ladbroke Grove during early March. Both, though, are making good progress on the road to recovery.

CHASAR play Glen Rodhes Rodhes Arms April 3, Falkirk Burns Bar 6, Bannockburn Tandhu 16.

SAREAN QUARTER have confirmed a show at Hastings Crypt on May 23.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS play Lee Green Tigers Head April 3, Croydon Cartoon 4, Bethnal Green Green Gate 5, Thatcham The Riverside Club 6, Walthamstow Royal Standard 7. All of these shows, however, will take place under the monicker of **Dumpy's Blues Band**, before the trio revert back to the DRN handle for the following dates: Woolwich Tramshed 10, Portsmouth Rock Garden 11, Bristol Yesterday's 12.

BORDEAUX play Letchworth Plinston Hall on April 11.

THE GRIP play Letchworth Plinston Hall on May 23.

BECK TO THE FUTURE

PAUL HENDERSON conducts a rare interview with JEFF BECK, the 'quite extraordinary, often brilliant, *always* compelling' living, breathing guitar legend, now planning to go on the road once more after an absence of five years

JEFF BECK: "Jimmy Page is a riff king, no doubt about that. However, I'm still waiting for a definitive album from him . . . I think he's a bit confused about what kind of music to get involved with. . ."

Pic Robert Ellis

HE ISN'T the fastest guitar player around – never has been, never will be, wouldn't *want* to be. He's not the most prolific musician in terms of recorded output (and *certainly* not in terms of live performances) and he'll readily admit that he finds songwriting a difficult and time-consuming task.

What Jeff Beck *has* done, however, unlike most of his contemporaries and disciples, is to constantly explore new avenues of guitar playing in both musical style and technical innovation. He has succeeded in developing, bringing together and fusing various elements into a truly unique (yet flexible) sound and style that is completely his own: whether unleashing ferocious powerchords bristling with distortion, soloing in conjunction with unrestrained and relentless attacks on his tremolo arm (cock an ear to 'Ambitious' from the current 'Flash' album) or constructing delicate melodies with a level of emotion and sweetness that would splinter even the most granite of hearts. Whatever he plays possesses a quality which can only really be described as 'unmistakable Beck' – quite extraordinary, often brilliant, *always* compelling.

His 'visionary' playing in the late Sixties with the Yardbirds (having replaced Eric Clapton, he was later joined in the band by Jimmy Page) and the Jeff Beck Group (with Rod Stewart and Ron Wood) laid a fresh foundation which bands like Led Zeppelin built on so successfully. The second Jeff Beck Group, which included fellow hot-rod fanatic Cozy Powell on drums, produced 'Rough And Ready' and 'Jeff Beck Group', both of which continued the exploration, but this time in the direction of a more soulful, 'jazz' approach.

Apart from a brief interruption – an 18-month collaboration with Vanilla Fudge's Tim Bogert and Carmine Appice which produced the heavyweight 'Beck, Bogert And Appice' album – the 'jazz' influence became more and more apparent. Having dispensed altogether with vocalists, giving more room for manoeuvre, he came up with three quite remarkable instrumental albums – 'Blow By Blow', 'Wired' (both produced by Beatles man George Martin) and then, in 1980, the astonishingly impressive and varied 'There And Back', which finally put Beck in the British album charts and provided the incentive to do a series of shows, the first in this country for almost seven years. There have been none since.

Last year saw the release of a new album, 'Flash' *(Epic)*, produced by Nile Rodgers, and a single from it, 'People Get Ready', with Rod Stewart on vocals, which picked up a healthy amount of airplay. As a whole, the album is a radical departure from what he might justifiably have been expected to come up with after the praise and success granted 'There And Back'.

There are a *couple* of instrumentals on it, and one or two of the other tracks – in particular new single 'Ambitious' – feature some stunning, outstanding guitar work even by Beck's standards.

BUT JEFF, I thought it was gonna be another instrumental album. What happened?

"They (*Epic*) were trying to gently dissuade me from it – if you call two Mafia guys beating yer 'ead in and saying, 'You can't do another instrumental album' gentle!"

But isn't it an instrumental number from 'Flash' that's just got you a Grammy?

"There you go! It's a bit of a two-fingered gesture there, isn't it? I was absolutely *amazed*. I'd had a couple of awards before – but not Grammies! Just readers poll in *Playboy* sort of thing – for *jazz* guitar. I think they must have been confusing me with *Joe* Beck!"

So what would 'Flash' have been like if you'd been able to do exactly as you pleased – without the 'gentle dissuasion' from Epic?

"It would have been more *me*. It would definitely have had more of a raunchy, raucous kind of feel to it, because I *love* all that. I wanted it sort of '2001 Metal' with some refinements – not just wild, open stuff. I think it would have been more 'riffy', less techno-rock than Nile had it."

Personally, I thought it might have been better to use a drummer rather than a drum machine . . .

"You're right, it would have been. But I didn't know the New York session scene. I thought the drummers were all 'tap-tap' guys, you know? As it turned out Tony Thompson, from the Power Station, was there, but it was too late; we had the numbers mapped out and a very, very proficient guy on *Linn* drum."

So how does it compare with your other albums? What do you actually think *of 'Flash'?*

"Well, it's really Nile's album. I look at it as a Nile Rodgers' album with guitar. I went along with it because you don't argue with the number one black producer in New York.

"But I don't really compare albums. As long as the guitar playing's valid, that's 'me 1985' or whatever it is . . . fine. I did as much as could be done on there without actually over-playing, but it disappointed some people who love the instrumental stuff. The idea, though, was to reach other people, people who weren't into 'pure guitar', and in that respect it worked. But I think the next one's got to have more guitar: if you talk about it as 'doses' of guitar, then it'll have to be a 'Hendrix amount' of guitar!"

When the new album came out, why didn't you tour to promote it? I mean, I'm sure the record company must have wanted you to. And it has been five years *since your last shows?*

"Oh yeah, I'm sure they were hopeful, and they probably didn't promote the album the way they would have done if I'd been ready with a touring proposition.

"It's only just recently that I've decided I want to work again – on *stage*. I think it's because, firstly, I've been playing for such a long time that the idea of touring scared me a bit. That, coupled with the swift movement of things, the way they've completely exploded – keyboards, synthesisers and all that kind of stuff. I thought that rather than plough on with what I'd got going I'd have a while off to think about things. I didn't think it would be *five years*, though!"

If you're apprehensive about doing a tour after five *years, and looking back to the tremendous response you got to that last series of shows, how did you feel about doing* those*? You'd been away for close on* seven *years at that point!*

"The first gig, somewhere in America, was a bit shakey. But we got such a good response that the next night we were on our way. I mean, people have been really good, and it's that kind of support that keeps you going. If I had to battle back every time I probably wouldn't bother to do it."

SO WHAT have *you been doing for the last five years?*

"Well, I haven't been *idle* for five years! . . . I've been car-building!" *(He's got, amongst others, what I referred to as an 'Eliminator job', which is, to those in the know, a '34* Ford *three-window* coupé.*)*

"Aside from that, some things wake me up out of my slumber, and when someone called Tina Turner rings you up you wake up pretty quick! That was one of the first major things to come along – being invited to play on her 'Private Dancer' album. I did 'Steel Claw' and 'Private Dancer' itself."

You also did the 'Secret Policeman's Other Ball', of course – the 'ARMS' concert, with Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page. And then there was the title music for 'The Tube'. Oh, and you did old buddy Cozy Powell's 'Tilt' album too . . .

"Blimey! Yeah, that was a long time ago. But I remember it because I'd just got a *Roland* guitar synthesiser – a *dreadful* thing, the 'orrible little blue one, and I didn't know how to work it. I used Cozy's album to experiment!"

And I hear that you got up on stage with Sting in San Diego fairly recently?

"Well, I went to see him because I was interested in the new band. I'd been listening to the 'Blue Turtles' album and loved it. I thought, 'Yeah, this is a bit me, I'll go and see Sting'. I was six rows back, centre-stage – complimentary, of *course!* I just sat there and got blown away.

"Anyway, Miles Copeland was there and he said, 'Come and see the main boy'. So I went along and Sting said, 'Why didn't you let me know you were coming? You could have got up and played'. And I said, 'That's *why* I didn't let you know'. He said, 'Listen, you'd better come to the *next* gig and play'. And, of course, I fell for it.

"Later, as I was going out of the door, I said, 'What are we going to play?' And he said, 'Oh . . . the "shuffle", you heard it tonight'.

"So I went out and got the album, listened to it, and spent about six hours learning the first shuffle that came up – just getting to know it. I turned up at the soundcheck and said, 'I've learnt it!' I played a few lines and then Sting said, 'No, not *that* one!' Anyway, it was a 12-bar, so I just jammed along."

The 'ARMS' concert was quite a unique event, bringing together three of the world's most influential guitarists – Beck, Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page. What did he make of that piece of history? In particular Page's performance?

"The 'ARMS' concert – the first one – was a bit shakey. We were *all* shakey because of all being there on the same stage. At rehearsal I didn't know how Jimmy was going to make it through. But when he got on stage there was a big roar and he was the same old Jimmy Page – magic! He just hovers on the brink of disaster – kind of like Keith Richards.

"But Jimmy's a *riff king*, no doubt about that. However, I'm still waiting for a definitive album from him that says what he wants to say. At the moment, I think he's a bit confused about what kind of music to get involved with."

As Page's name was already in the conversation, I wondered whether Beck still felt any animosity towards him for 'stealing the thunder' from the Jeff Beck Group around the time of the 'Truth' album. Page (with the rest of Zeppelin) did, after all, become a mega-star playing a style of music initiated by Beck.

KONTINUEZ OVER

BECK

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

"Not now, but I did *then*. I felt that we were just on the brink of something quite remarkable in '67, '68. We'd done a very gruelling nine-week tour of the States and just about started to make some noise. We left the States and Jimmy took over – having already seen what was going on with me. That was a bit hard to handle because they were getting more response playing the same stuff.

"But then I realised that they were 'packaged' better. They had a better looking lead singer, for a start; he had golden, curly locks and a bare chest and the girls fell in love with him. They also had 'Bonzo' on drums creating all *sorts* of pandemonium. It *was* a much better *package* than I had, so obviously they did better."

GETTING BACK on the 'What have you been doing for the last five years?' tack, I seem to remember an '84 tour with Rod Stewart, which would have been a useful way for Beck to get back into the groove regarding live performances/tours; however, it apparently fizzled out on a sour note.

"On paper it sounded like a *great* idea. He can't really do things off any of *my* albums with him – the early stuff, the 'Truth' album – because they don't play the same. And when he wrote out this rough list of numbers it sounded like a great concert to me. But that, coupled with almost two hours of his other stuff, made it too long.

"I thought he'd cut a bit of *his* stuff out so I could have a nice 40-minute slot, but it didn't happen that way. I did three numbers and that was all. He didn't mind me playing three numbers and taking lots of money, but I didn't want to go all round the bloody world just to get a sweat up and then go off stage."

"Eddie Van Halen? Yeah, he's lovely. He's more rock 'n' roll than I will ever be . . ."

I wondered how Beck felt about the fact that there are so many guitarists around today who have obviously 'borrowed' extensively from the way of playing that he more or less created . . .

"I think what I did with Rod back in '68,' 67 *must* have been a fairly heavy influence on these guys because I can *hear* it, I can *tell*. That style of turning up loud and playing fairly prolifically wasn't there before then. It was all just 'part' stuff; very *neat*, rhythm stuff with a few flourishes here and there. But I opened the thing out and let it rip. And that style, whether or not you embellish it with a million notes, is still that style. I don't know if it's ruined the world or made it good."

I then mentioned that when most of today's top rock players are asked to name their biggest influences, the two names that crop up most often are Jeff Beck and Jimi Hendrix, something that left Beck genuinely *surprised and* very *pleased . . .*

"Really? That's alright with me. I feel proud about that. How can you *not* feel proud alongside Hendrix?"

So which players, I enquired, does one of the world's most influential guitarists listen to/admire?

"Pat Metheney, Larry Carlton of the Crusaders, John McLaughlin – I've always been a fan of his. I think it would be nice to do some recorded work with Eric (Clapton). He does stuff that catches my ear."

What about the young guns? The current crop of Guitar Heroes?

"They're all *amazing* really. Eddie Van Halen? Yeah, he's lovely. He's more rock 'n' roll than I will *ever* be. He *is* 'Mr. Rock 'n' Roll'. I enjoy what he does, and he's got that flashy, fast stuff sewn up – him and Yngwie (Malmsteen). But if you asked me now, 'Do you want to swap places?' I'd say no. I'm happy where I am."

What, then, lies on the horizon? There's a new single out – 'Ambitious' – with a great video to accompany it (the video and an interview with Jeff are scheduled for 'The Tube' on April 4). But, more importantly, any chance of some live shows?

"We're going to Japan in early June – Jan Hammer is a definite to make the trip, as is Jimmy Hall on vocals. We'll probably do 'Pork Pie Hat', 'Blue Wind' and 'Space Boogie' – I don't know about doing the whole thing, we might do a medley of stuff."

And Britain?

"We'll just see how Japan goes. I think *maybe* September. By the time everything's sorted out it'll be worth doing, yeah?"

Absolutely! If the last shows were anything to go by, then just about every 'name' guitarist worth mentioning is going to be after tickets. And you can put *me* down for one, too – sixth row, centre-stage (complimentary of *course!*).

KOSSOFF – BLUE SOUL

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LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS

Actress, fitness fanatic, full-time life-and-limb risker and rock'n'roll singer . . . MALCOLM DOME states the case for WENDY O. WILLIAMS (pictured right) and her second solo album 'Kommander Of Kaos', 'as close to constructive bedlam as anyone will get in '86'

DUSK. TWO figures, fellow strangers, meet on a straddled street corner; one is feline, the other female. One has razored claws, the other a spiked snarl. One fondles a jagged, jugular fixation, the other cuddles a rasping spirit. Yet each is merely one shard from a crack'd ego. This is Wendy O. Williams.

NIGHT. It began as an unnerving purr spreading into every corner of the stereo, growing beat-by-jowl into a bohemian growl from the shark mistress, scratching, smiting, pouncing, seething, raging. This is Wendy O. Williams.

DAWN. Actress, stunt artiste, singer, Wendy O. has earnt a reputation as all of these. But above all else, the woman is a performer upholding the highest traditions of entertainment. Brazen almost to the point of innocence, Wendy has lashed her life right to the edge and beyond.

"Everybody has their own ways of 'getting off'. I just get involved in so many different activities because that's *my* way of enjoying life."

DISK. 'Kommander Of Kaos' has already been flushed down the pipes by Howard Johnson (issue 115), and I'm not here to re-review this fine record. A few points, however, must be made in its defence . . .

Firstly, I have little doubt that this is Wendy's most *accomplished* LP in a career dating back nearly a decade! In the halcyon days of the Plasmatics there was a tendency to view Wendy O. as playing the role of a buxom, bunkum Boadicea for the debunked generation of the late Seventies. She rallied certain elementals and drove a fist straight through the Machismo Pass. However, the music was always the beggar at the gate of outrage.

In '82, *'Coup D'Etat'* – the farewell Plasmatics album (on *Capitol*) – showed a massive shift towards genuine development on the song front, a trend continued with '84's 'W.O.W.' opus (her debut solo effort on *Music For Nations* in the UK/*Passport* in the US). 'KOK' (no phallic pun intended) takes this process even further . . .

"THE NEW album represents what I've always striven to achieve. It sounds exactly the way I intended. It's so nasty, yet by the same token it has a considerable amount of melodic input. I'm really proud of the record as a package."

Whilst '*Coup* . . .' had Dieter Dierks manning the production ramparts and 'W.O.W.' boasted Kiss' Gene Simmons in a similar position, this one sees long-time Wendy cohort/manager/advisor Rod Swenson shifting the faders and snorting the electrics, assisted by former Plasmatic and W.O.W. band member Wes Beech. Recording took place at *Broccoli Rabe Studios* in New Jersey and the result is hypercharged with the energy and the raw-meat red spontaneity of Heavy Metal played and performed by those plugged straight into the 'juvenator' (juvenile generator). 'Kommander . . .' is probably as close to constructive bedlam as anyone will get in '86 – and that's meant as a compliment!

The back-up from guitarist Michael Ray, bassist Greg Smith and drummer TC Toliver (since replaced by Ray, because "TC has family ties and couldn't commit himself to a rigorous touring schedule") is akin to maniacal foot soldiers on a genocidal bust-out, while slashed across the mix is Wendy's unmistakable voice, a scabbard tongue tethered to a host of demented locusts gripped in a frenzy by the sunburst of mass sexual suicide. Arguably the only *true* female HM vocalist of the late Eighties, Wendy O. is Morgana Le Fey bringing down the sanitised electronic pop edifice of the corporate Camelot – and more power to her brushes!

"I could sing sweetly if I really wanted, but that's not my style, right? I love HM and the only way to sing it is with aggression and commitment."

The aforementioned 'KOK' LP has just been slipped into the stream by *Zebra Records* in the UK and *Gigasaurus* in the US. Whilst the former is a well-established company able to give Wendy and Rod Swenson the sort of support they demand from any label, the latter is their own company formed to promote The Cause.

"A 'Gigasaurus' is a mythical creature we've created; it's rather special and represents the music. It's mean, vicious and the most aggressive animal in the universe – it eats planets for breakfast! By having my own label I'm able to exercise greater control over all parts of the process involved in releasing an album."

THUS FAR, Wendy has been rather restricted in terms of live work to promote the new album (for reasons outlined below), but rest assured she intends to take to the stage again in an extensive fashion, with UK dates included in the schedule.

DARES. Wendy already has a reputation for taking on the most ambitious, not to mention dangerous, activities; her performance during the video for 'It's My Life' (the single lifted from her previous album) has now gone down in folklore. Aerobatics was just a small part of the daring endeavours scripted into the final clip (still one of the most impressive promos ever screened), and now she's taking everything one stage further: in June, *Playboy* magazine will be printing a selection of photos taken recently in Mexico when the lady in question performed an accelerated freefall jump!

For those in the dark about accelerated freefall, let me briefly explain. A freefall jump involves a leap from a height of thousands of feet followed by a delayed opening of the parachute.

Preparations for the freefall stunt were considerable, but the resulting picture spread promises to be amongst the most breathtaking (and *breast*-taking – yeah, Wendy has bared most if not all) of '86.

LAST YEAR Wendy made her serious acting debut when she appeared onstage in St. Louis in a run of the hugely successful 'Rocky Horror Show', by all accounts slaying 'em in the aisles . . .

"My part was a combination of Riff-Raff and Magenta, written especially for me. In fact, all I had to do was go out each night and be myself. It was a great learning experience, and whilst I don't pretend to be much of an actress, nonetheless I fully enjoyed doing this and would love to have another go given the opportunity."

Now, however, Wendy has taken her acting career into the movies. She recently completed a starring role in a film grotesquely titled 'Reform School Girls' – not a sleazy porno-pic but rather a low-budget B-movie that threatens plenty of slapdash *slash*dash action with Wendy playing a tough inmate, presumably in her usual wanton manner.

The film also stars the blonde 'n' delicious Sybil Danning (*PANT!– Ed.*) plus bulky cult comedienne Pat Ast, who made her name with Andy Warhol (check out the movie 'Heat'). As for the director, well . . . "anyone who happened to be around on the set in downtown Los Angeles would just take on the directorial role, so I'm not sure who's gonna get the credit at the end of the day!

"When the script was first sent to me, I wasn't too sure about accepting the part on offer, but we started to negotiate with the film company who agreed to re-write certain scenes to my style; it's turned out rather well, I think, and it gave me the chance to work with Pat Ast, who is fabulous! She plays the part of a sadistic prison warder and I get to 'bump her off' at the climax."

Wendy O. Williams is a remarkable woman who is more, *much* more than a rock 'n' roll singer. Whilst some are content to rack up gold and platinum (and fairly forgettable) albums, not only does she come up with challenging, formidable vinyl but she also headbutts fate from all angles.

"I've always done what I wanted and nothing's ever gonna change that!"

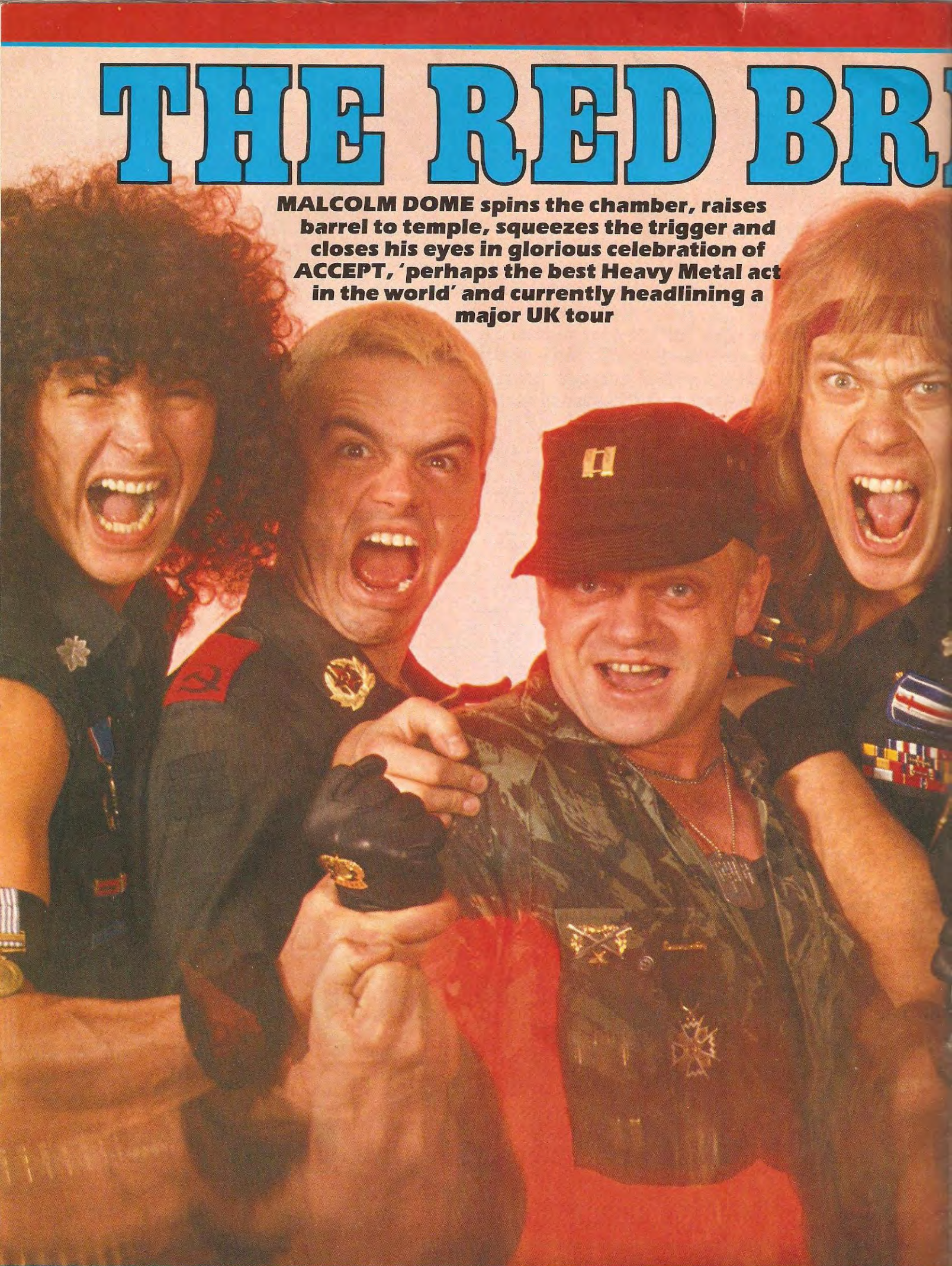
"Amen," said the preacher as he turned out the lights.

Pix Ray Palmer

"I could sing sweetly if I really wanted, but that's not my style, right? I love HM and the only way to sing it is with aggression and commitment"

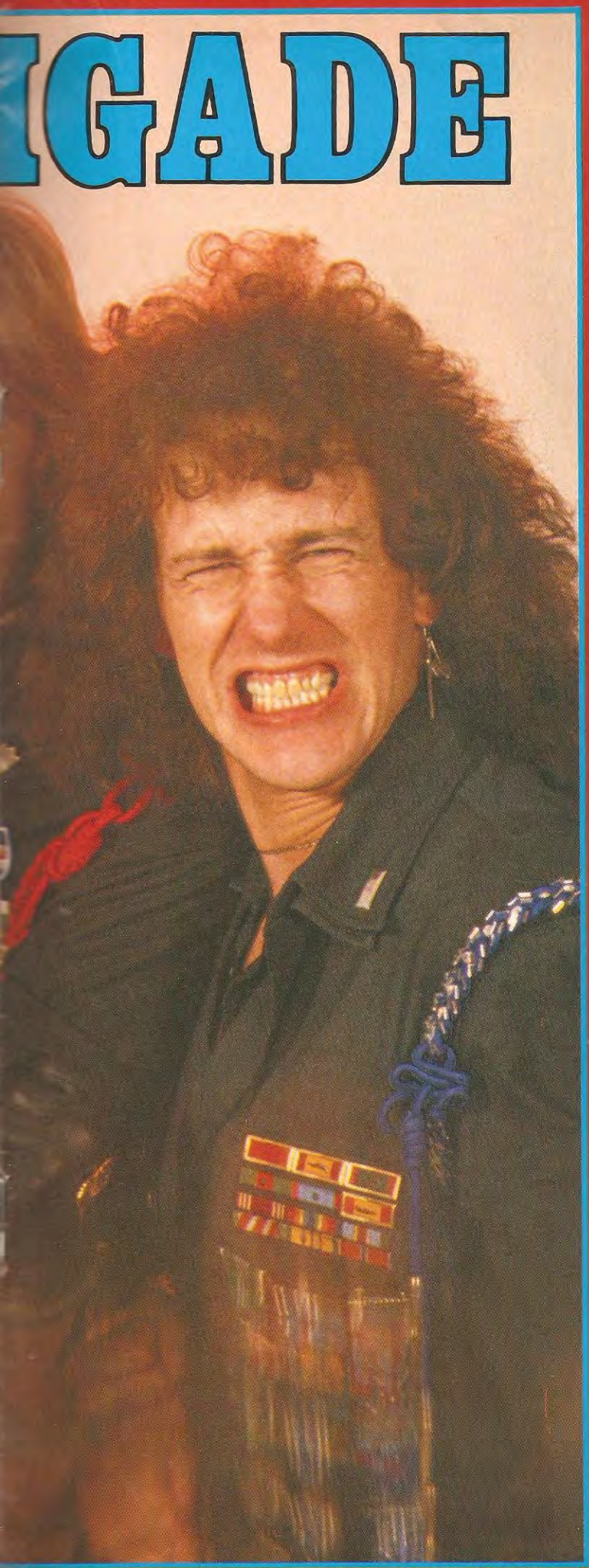
THE RED BR

MALCOLM DOME spins the chamber, raises barrel to temple, squeezes the trigger and closes his eyes in glorious celebration of ACCEPT, 'perhaps the best Heavy Metal act in the world' and currently headlining a major UK tour



ACCEPT (from left): Peter Baltes, Stefan Ka

IGADE



fmann, Udo Dirkschneider, Wolf Hoffmann, Jörg Fischer (pic Ray Palmer)

I GOT DRUNK the night before I left for Nuremberg. It wasn't intentional, more an intensive ritual decreed by a particularly virulent Mother Nature, whose bosoms were flowing with *Jack Daniels* and whose eyes were streaming with *Absolut* vodka.

Yeah, remember when you were young and your mummy tucked you in with a cautionary tale about the Bogey Man? Well, he's on the street alright, shoes cuffed with a life in the gutter, shirt-tails ragged from a vapid scuffle with the grime of the leathered nether world, a jaunty stubble, a licensing hours leer reflected in a glowering fountain of al-alcoho-alcohol . . . and an Accept tape flashing from between his grid-iron teeth.

Yeah, I was drunk as I poured myself another stumbler of something invigoratingly intoxicating, shoved a cassette of 'Russian Roulette' into my ears – and stared at the Bogey Man in the mirror.

'Give me your innocents, your hungry and your waifs and I shall return to you red-eyed renegades.' Thus spake the Pagan Polydecibel Totem many eons ago, and he was true to his word. Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Hendrix, Motörhead, Judas Priest, Metallica, Maiden, Scorpions . . . he has used them all to bring about his prophecy as he ran a comic-strip scimitar across the stencil of youth-hood. And now Accept have emerged as his latest temptation. And now I'm in Nuremberg to witness for myself these gladiators in the ring. And now I'm still bloody drunk!

YOU CAN'T escape the pallid philosophy with which Nuremberg has punctured modern history. Even at a rock 'n' roll venue in 1986, the echoes of youth rallies called under the spectre of hate 50 years ago still reverberate. There is an undeniable, anonymous animosity about the city that inevitably sends shivers down chilled spines. Half-a-century on from the days when a generation of miscreant children was turned into a perverted crusade,war remains a fascination and Nuremberg a symbol of its seductive cloth.

Accept, maybe because of a background scooped from the blood of a lost generation, have become ardent advocates for the turning of swords into ploughshares; Isaiah's progeny prepared to make the effort of exorcism. We'll return later to the laudable anti-violence theme adopted by the band amidst recent grooves, but this is beginning to take on the brood of Bernard Levin, so let's grab a drink, snap on a rock 'n' roll party belt and slither into the darkness as the music groans louder, Louder, LOUder, LOUDER . . .

There are 5,000 fans out in the close-shaven hall; sweat is pumped into every crevice and the throng are in a state of near hysteria as the band go guttural across the boards with the hyper-peddling wares of 'TV War', one of five tracks from the new 'Russian Roulette' album to be included in the set. And then it hits me in a frenzy of self-realisation – CRUELTY! Yeah, that's the most apt description of Accept's style.

Let me explain. Whilst the most reasonable adjective to sum up the American race psyche would be 'exaggerated' and I can think of several unprintable words for the Belgians and French, the Germans are characterised by the trait of cruelty. It's almost an hereditary by-product, and the consequences can be genocidal – as history has born witness. Yet, if this is refined to the point of beneficence, and the sadism neutered, then the sting can have positive artistic spin-offs.

The truly great contributors to the Aryan 'art' world (Wagner, Richard Strauss, Goethe, Neitzsche, Proust, Fassbinder *et al*) have mastered the caging of their naturally destructive instinct and shared a common thread of cruelty in their works.

Accept have acquired a similar outlook. Their music has a degree of severity and aggression that does bring to mind sadism *without* the implicit violence – a triumph of artistic expression.

Indeed, given the fact that Heavy Metal is most commonly seen as the channelling of baser emotions into a harmless outlet, then Accept can surely now lay claim to being one of the great HM acts of the late Eighties and arguably the natural successors to Judas Priest as the flagship of the *genre*.

Musically, Accept now have a veritable shoal of magnificent, finned material. They defined their style on the classic 'Restless And Wild' LP (although according to lead guitarist Wolf Hoffmann, it was its predecessor, 'Breaker', that laid the foundations) and now seem to spend much of their recording time honing, sifting and nurturing what has already set them apart from the masses.

At the very core of this campaign lies Hoffmann's voluptuous guitar work, perhaps the most essential ingredient in the band's alchemical formula. Watching him onstage, it becomes obvious that he acts as the rudder and his oft-classical inspired lead approach gives the music its fluent dimension (his solo even cops a quick snatch from Bizet's 'Carmen').

He draws Udo Dirkschneider, Stefan Kaufmann, Peter Baltes and Jörg Fischer into the firestruck mesh, but always remains an Atlas figure, holding

KONTINUEZ OVER

RED

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

aloft Accept's musical world for all to acclaim.

THERE IS still a precision in choreography and suffused polish about Accept that has become a trademark, but these days the band seem rather more relaxed, even injecting a sense of humour into proceedings during the song 'Russian Roulette' when Hoffmann and Fischer goose-step across the stage (Hoffmann: "It's a piss-take both of the Nazis and also the Communist bloc armies and to some extent we got the idea from John Cleese in 'Fawlty Towers'. People always assume that Germans don't have any sense of humour, especially about ourselves, but we do!"). Gone are the days when I first saw the band (playing before some 20 or so fans at a seedy hall in Hamburg, 1980) and their performances clearly had drive and passion yet were too stiff, lacking direction, momentum and balance.

Both of the two shows I saw (Nuremberg and the next night in Munich) were sold out (in excess of 15,000 people saw the pair) and the 'Russian Roulette' LP entered the German national charts at Number Ten, a hitherto unheard-of triumph for a home-bred Metal group. Elsewhere, too, there is a growing interest in the act and the feeling that this might, just might, be their year.

The live set is based very firmly around the new album, a seal of confidence in worthy material. It's fleshed out with priceless chinks from the LPs 'Breaker', 'Restless And Wild', 'Balls To The Wall' and 'Metal Heart', records that have all been clutched to the bosom of the Metallic community (no songs are included from their first two albums, 'Accept'/'I'm A Rebel', because, according to Baltes, "We hate them!").

And talking inbetween gulps of red, red wine backstage at Munich with the articulate yet intent Baltes and Hoffmann in a room that resembles a police interrogation centre, it transpires that there's an air of quiet satisfaction among the band with the structure of the show, even so early into what will be an eight-month world tour.

"The material really flows so well," says Hoffmann. "In the past we've changed around the order of songs almost every night for the first few weeks until the feel was right. But we seem to have hit on the right formula straight way."

"We're still perfecting our movements during the new songs," adds Baltes. "But the right co-ordination will come in time. And I hope you noticed that we don't have long, drawn-out solos throughout our set. That's deliberate because we believe that the modern fan is bored of musicians just wanking off with tedious instrumental breaks. They want to see a spectacular show and we try to give them what they want."

ON THE German leg of the tour, the band were forced to cut out all planned pyros because of an accident right at the beginning of the trek; police with tracker dogs were out in force in Munich to enforce the 'No Pyrotechnics' decree and apparently if any trace of flashpowder had been found then the entire home run would have been cancelled. Fortunately, this didn't happen. Yet, whilst the band are planning on using pyro effects wherever possible it won't be on overkill but rather tethered to enhancement of the stage setting.

"We want to make it look impressive without seemed overly *clichéd*," explains Hoffmann. "For instance, during the song 'Russian Roulette', we have electronic effects digitally built into Stefan's drum kit to mimic the sound of a time bomb ticking and then exploding. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to incorporate cannons into the staging but that is merely copying AC/DC and what we want to avoid is being taken for a band without any thoughts of our own."

Although both the music and show are bound to deservedly attract attention, what is almost certainly going to grab the headlines is the band's determinedly anti-war lyrical strut. A word sheet has been included with the 'RR' album, so you will be able to read for yourselves just how surefootedly the fellas deal with the subject (it's pacifism without submission), so rather than dwell on this for several reams, let's allow Hoffmann to be succint and leave you to ponder this slant at your own leisure.

"We began to make statements about war on the 'Balls To The Wall' album, but people at our record label *(Portrait)* ran scared because they believed we went too far, too quickly and we mistakenly allowed ourselves to be persuaded against our better judgement to change tack on the 'Metal Heart' album. It's for this reason that we are all a little unhappy with that particular record, for while 'Balls . . .' is a *classic album*, 'Metal Heart' is an album with *a few classic songs*. Anyway, having learnt our lesson we decided to do what *we* wanted this time around.

"Our lyrics talk about all aspects of war: personal, national and even the media. It's a send-up in many ways and I hope that people will accept the seriousness of the message whilst seeing the humour. That's why we wear mock uniforms onstage. Politically none of us support any accredited party, but look at the situation in its widest sense and hope others will appreciate what we are trying to say."

As I mentioned before, I urge you to chew over the band's lyrics and digest their sentiments, but do it in your own good time. Meanwhile back at the bar, there are one or two other fascinating points about 'Russian Roulette'. For example, the album was to be called 'War Games' and a cover was even mocked up for it. However, *Portrait* believed that the company responsible for the major movie 'War Games' (put out a couple of years ago) would sue the band over the title and therefore persuaded them to alter it. *(It's also the title of the new Grave Digger LP – this too was probably a significant factor in Accept's change of heart – Ed.)*

"'Russian Roulette' was to have been the monicker for our *next* album, but we decided to go ahead with it this time around instead," reveals Hoffmann. "We had to get a new sleeve done and were also left in the situation of having a title song without the words 'Russian Roulette' being mentioned once! (For proof, see the lyrics printed in *Mayhem* issue 115.) You see the song was originally called 'War Games', so we had to make hasty plans to change it."

ANOTHER POINT worth making is that 'RR' was produced by the band themselves, with the much-vaunted Michael Wagener recording it and doing the first series of mixes.

"Michael isn't really a producer," is Baltes' opinion. "He's a fine engineer and a good friend of the band (he even went to school with Dirkschneider), but has to be used in a certain limited manner to get the best results."

"What gave us the confidence to go ahead by ourselves was our recent mini live album, 'Kaizoku-Ban'," adds Hoffmann. "It came out so well that we felt happy about tackling the new studio project.

"Whilst I've mentioned 'Kaizoku-Ban', I feel one or two matters should be cleared up. Firstly, it was *completely* live! I know it's become fashionable for bands to overdub supposedly 'live' records, and I must admit that we were very tempted to do this, but at the end of day we resisted this carrot and left the tapes as they were.

"Secondly, it isn't a live album, but rather a mini one, or an EP if you prefer. We did it originally because the Japanese market

KONTINUEZ PAGE 29

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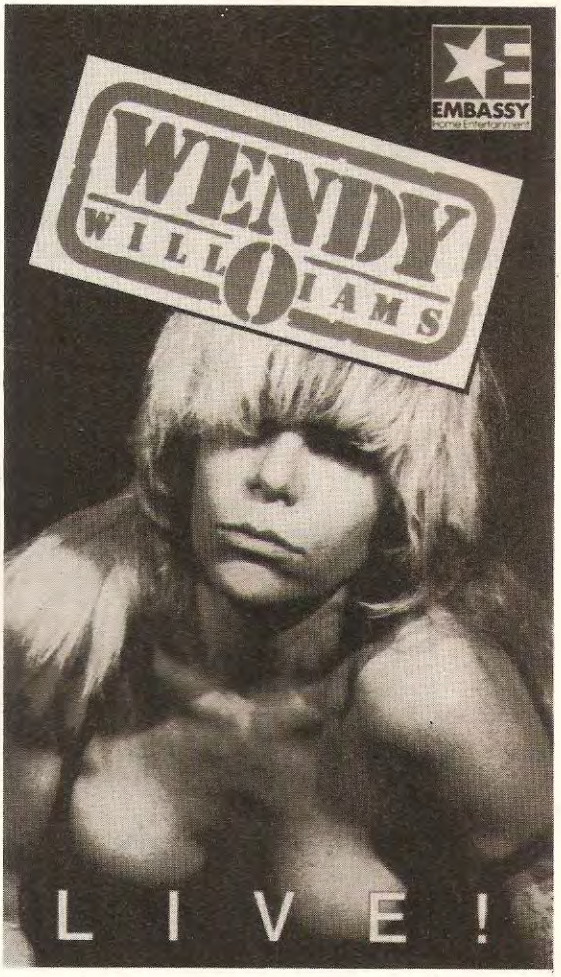

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RED

FROM PAGE 26

wanted it, then every other territory picked it up for release. It was never meant to be a huge event and we told everyone involved to keep the costs down and not to over-promote it because we felt that it should be a collectors' piece – a gift for our hardcore fans.

"Anyway, after that came out, we did some demo tapes for 'RR' and they were sufficiently strong for us to go into the studio and do things ourselves. The band as a whole were responsible for the final sounds, although if I'm honest then I'd have to say that Peter, Stefan and myself did most of the production work. But we always credit the five of us because this is a team effort; we are all equal."

"Michael mixed the album for us," continues Baltes. "But we weren't overly happy with what he did, it was a little flat. So we brought in Mark Dodson (engineer with Judas Priest) to add a touch of sparkle and the final record is one we're all proud of."

However, despite (or maybe, more truthfully, *because of*) the confidence displayed by the band in their latest product, they have no plans to shoot a promotional video for any of the songs.

"Why should we spend something like £150,000, which is more than the entire recording budget for the LP, on a three-minute film that, if we're lucky, will get aired once *per* week?" argues Baltes.

"We also believe that if *Portrait* want us to do a video then they should give us the money and allow the band to direct and control the content," affirms Hoffmann. "So far we have been extremely disappointed with the quality of those videos we have made. The one for the song 'Balls To The Wall' was particularly embarrassing and we don't want to go through this again. Besides, it does seem as if making videos isn't as important, even in America, as it was a couple of years ago, so if we can't do things properly then we won't do them at all."

WOLF HOFFMANN: "People always assume that Germans don't have any sense of humour, especially about ourselves . . . but we do!"

THERE CAN be little doubt that this is a band in control of its destiny. Alongside astute manager Gaby Hauke they have taken each and every step in their career at a pace that suits *them* rather than peripheral elementals . . . and the philosophy has served the boys well.

Indeed one has to admire the manner in which the band have handled themselves, linking self-deprecating mimickry with suitably sophisticated musicianship in the great vaudeville tradition of HM.

In particular, the sight in Nuremberg and Munich of the pug-featured Udo Dirkschneider stalking the stage like a squat Spike the Bulldog (Tom's nemesis in the cartoon 'Tom And Jerry' series) playing the role of Che Guevara was a cause of constant amusement, yet this was allied to a deft degree of control and timing as his vulturine vocals grappled with the locomotion riflings of Kaufmann (drums), Baltes (bass) and Fischer (guitar) and the febrile leads from Hoffmann.

Accept? Yeah, gargantuawatt gladiators with something serious to say, and the comic-strip ideology to say it with conviction.

Perhaps the best *Heavy Metal* act in the world? You'll not find me disputing such praise, now who's round is it?!

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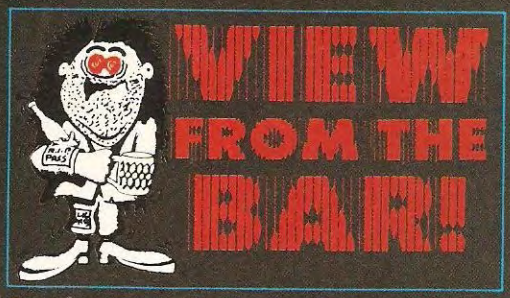

VIEW FROM THE BAR!!

SEND IN THE KLONES PART II. It's getting out of hand! What is it that makes normally sane, retiring human beings (well, **Mark Putterford** and **Jonathan King** – pictured here – anyway) suddenly expose both knees and ego to the bitter winds of scorn, assuming the guise of a delinquent, chocolate-coated schoolkid with his catapault on stun? Well, we at *VFTB* reckon that it might have something to do with a noisy little bunch of bell-boyz called **AC/DC**. You know . . .

The pic of the wig-happy Putterford on the centrespread of the last issue we can find no reasonable explanation for at all (and we have tried, believe us), though it has been rumoured that *Kerrang!*'s very own foundation shaker was earlier held down while several gallons of 'medicinal' *Guinness* were tipped down his gullet . . . that's right isn't it, Mark? And as for King, well, *his* excuse is simple – he *likes* AC/DC!

The arch self-publicist (appearing here with specially widened kap) has long been a staunch supporter of the Heavy Rock, as opposed to Metal, cause, as readers of his *Sun* kolumn will well know, but it's AC/DC who score top marks as far as he's concerned. **'You Shook Me All Night Long'** is his favourite track by the band and, in a moment of euphoria and sheer wishful thinking, he and **Ozzy**'s manager **Sharon Osbourne** once drew up a plan to co-manage the troupe. That never came to pass, but 'Johnno' was to be found at *every* date on the recent AC/DC UK tour, hopping from one leg to another in the wings, uniform neatly folded in strapped-on satchel, ready to leap into the spotlight should **Angus** sprain a limb or split an end.

Incidentally, any AC/DC *aficionados* wondering why the man ain't armed an' ready with a traditional, Angus-approved *Gibson SG* should note that at one point in the photo session the irrepressible King lost concentration for a second, lapsing into a different alter ego . . . **Ritchie Blackmore**! Result: a dent in the double glazing, a frightened rubber plant and an awful lot of firewood . . .

Upcoming in the series: **Mike Read** as **Cronos** and **Alan Freeman** as **Jimi Hendrix**.

Pic Ray Palmer

DAVE 'LEGS ELEVEN' ROTH (above right) and his guitarist **Steve Vai** (above left) recently went bargain-hunting in **Mae West**'s drawers and found two outfits long since discarded as rather *passé*. As you can see they came out in the sort of gear likely to make them 'queens' for a night down at the local pub. Er, who said they look like extras from 'EastEnders'?!

For more serious info on Diamond Dave, see *Mayhem* earlier in this very issue.

POOR OLE London band **Aunty May** have hit a slight, er, difficulty. It seems that some people find certain parts of their live show rather offensive and as a result the lads have been banned by London venues *Fulham Greyhound, Marquee Club* and *100 Club*.

So what's da problem? Well, the destruction of a TV set onstage and the mooning at the audience by one band member with a silver crucifix stuck up his arse are the apparently objectionable moments. No, we can't understand what all the fuss is about either.

"It took some persuading, but she finally agreed to stop appearing topless"

IT SEEMS not everybody was entirely happy with last issue's front cover featuring **Don Dokken**. In fact, a complaint was lodged by Dokken's very own guitarist **George Lynch!** We kid ya not.

The Los Angeles axeman felt that the cover should have featured him as well because otherwise Don's ego would become uncontrollable. He even recommended that we stop the presses and change the offending picture. Pah!

Of course, as was pointed out by Lynch in the feature last issue, "There's definitely a chemistry in the band . . . I think we get along better than most bands."

MICHAEL SCHENKER is back in the news. It looks as if the guitarist is currently rehearsing in Hanover at his elder brother **Rudy Scorpions'** studio with a view to recording very soon. He's recruited vocalist **Rob McAuley** and various other unnamed musos and looks intent to make something of a comeback. Will he keep himself together? Let's hope so.

TED NUGENT has made an offer to purchase Westinghouse's 'Muzak' company after learning it was going up for sale.

But Westinghouse turned down Nugent's 10 million dollar bid, claiming the price will be much higher when 'Muzak' goes on the market in the coming weeks.

What's Nugent's motive in buying the company that markets the easy listening music heard in elevators and dentists' offices across America?

Seems the Motor City Madman wants to purchase 'Muzak' in order to "shelve it for good," he says.

"Muzak is an evil force in today's society," he adds, "causing people to lapse into uncontrollable fits of blandness. It's been responsible for ruining some of the best minds in our generation."

At which point the Nug was wheeled away for his daily bout of electro-shock therapy. . .

SOME HEADS ARE GONNA ROLL! Uh, that's a *cheese* roll is it, **Rob**? Yup, seems that Herr **Halford** is something of a master chef, the **Judas Priest** frontman taking time out from work on the band's new **'Turbo'** album (reviewed this issue) to prepare a Thanksgiving meal for 25 friends at the behest of a US newspaper who devoted a double-page spread to the event.

Rob appeared complete with studded leather apron and revealed that one of his favourite recipes was 'Screaming For Vengeance Stuffing'! Bootiful, Rob, just bootiful . . . . .

KOMIK KORNER

"WHAT DO you call the new *Waddington* board game where the object is for the players to find out who murdered a leading German HM vocalist? Udo!" – **Krush Death (The Râmpânt Égös).**

HEARTBEAT CITY here we come! Well, it doesn't take much to gather muso worthies together onstage these days, does it? Anything for a good bit of publicity . . . er, we mean anything for a good cause.

On stage at Birmingham's NEC *recently, some of the 'finest' rockers the Midlands have given birth to over the centuries gathered to help raise money for a local children's hospital.*

Pictured here are (from left): ***Roy Wood, Jeff Lynne (ELO), George Harrison*** *(what's 'e there for, 'e certainly ain't no Midlander),* ***Denny Laine, Justin Hayward*** *and* ***John Lodge*** *(from the* ***Moody Bores)*** *and* ***Robot Planet****. Also in attendance were* ***Steve Gibbons, Dave Edmunds, Jasper Carrot*** *and* ***Jim Davidson****.*

Let's hope that someone benefitted financially from this reunion of BOFs.

"I'M A lumberjack and I'm OK/I sleep all night and I lig all day. . ." *Spirits were high and* ***Dave Dickson*** *was, uh, low at a recent 'pawtee' in the foyer of Ontario House (the Canadian High Commission in London), held in celebration of Canuck heroes* ***Honeymoon Suite****'s recent headline appearance at ye olde* Marquee. *Left to right above we see* ***Pallas*** *vocalist* ***Alan Reed,*** *who gained entry on grounds of having a pet moose (that's Scottish for mouse), Honeymoon bassist* ***Gary*** *'I always get the woman'* ***Lalonde,*** *formerly with* ***Toronto, Wild Strawberries*** *guitarist* ***Sid Lipovacha,*** *who was allowed in purely and simply for being Yugoslavian (we'll have to try that one some time), and Suite songster* ***Johnny*** *'A,B,C'* ***Dee.***

Also in attendance was Canadian vocalist ***Lisa Dalbello,*** *currently recording an album for* Capitol Records *with producer* ***Rupert Hine,*** *along with a whole litter of record company faces and media personalities . . . . oh, and Dave Dickson, of course, sporting a tie specially for the occasion – even if he did keep tripping over the end. A very, very special mention too for 'gorgeous, pouting'* Starbird ***Julie Wilson;*** *let's hope it's not too long before we see something of her in VFTB!*

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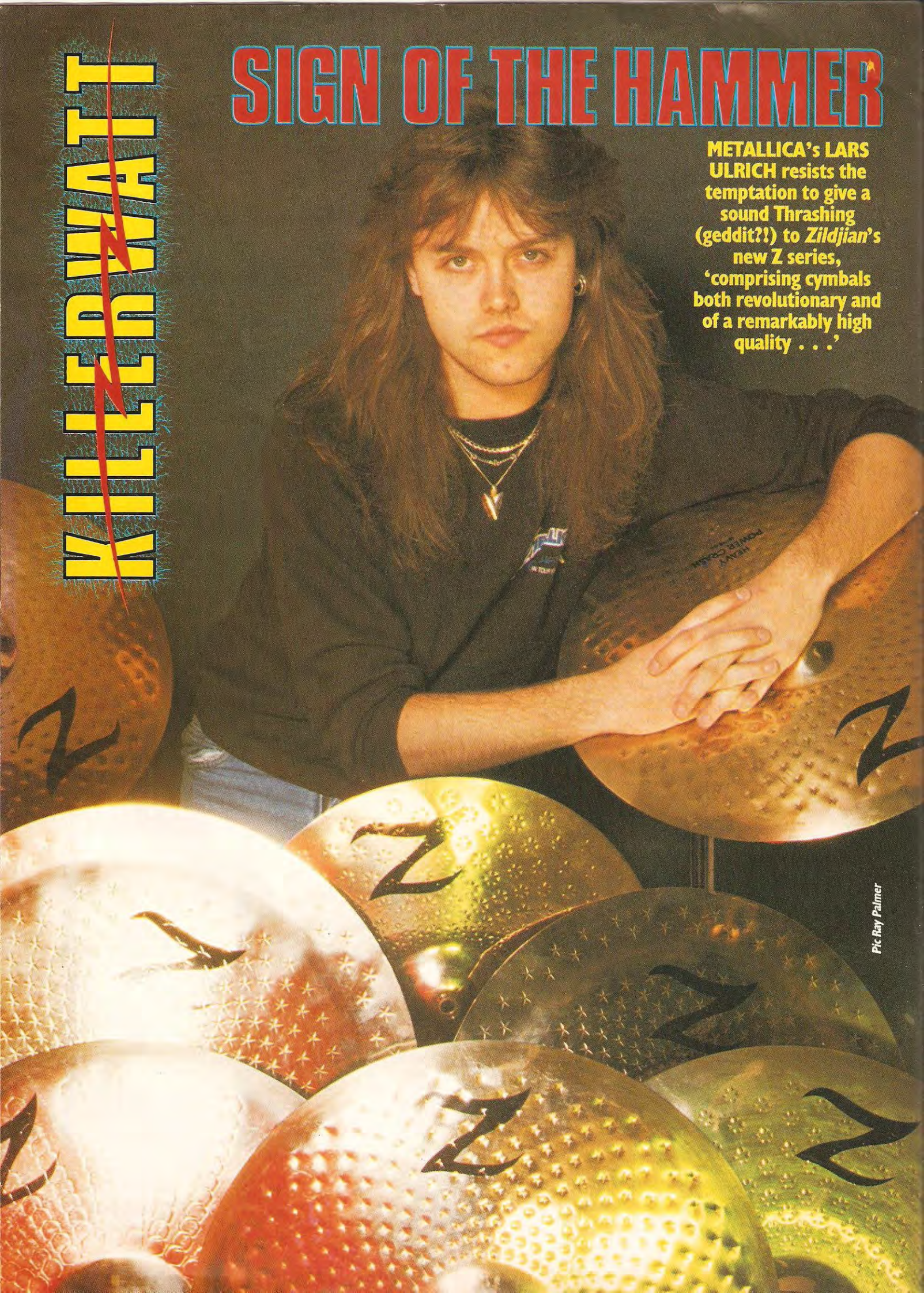
KILLER RIFF

SIGN OF THE HAMMER

METALLICA's LARS ULRICH resists the temptation to give a sound Thrashing (geddit?!) to *Zildjian*'s new Z series, 'comprising cymbals both revolutionary and of a remarkably high quality . . .'



Pic Ray Palmer

ZILDJIAN Z SERIES

FOR YEARS there were cymbals. They hardly changed, beyond the prices going up in astronomical leaps and bounds. You could buy a small family car, a few years ago, for the price of a decent set of cymbals *now*. But there has also been a tremendous improvement in quality and a sudden outburst of ideas, spawned it seems by fierce competition between the leading manufacturers.

Zildjian are the oldest and most respected name in the cymbal business, having virtually defined the concepts of rides, crashes and hi-hats during the Jazz Age. They rarely get involved in gimmicks, and make changes in a cautious way. But they have launched a new range, the Z Series, comprising cymbals both revolutionary and of a remarkably high quality. As *Zildjian* describe it themselves, *'It's a new way of thinking about cymbals'*. I have already heard respected drummers raving about the Z Series, which were demonstrated by Simon Phillips at his drum clinic at Windsor in February (see review).

The Z Series joins the old established 'A' and 'K' *Zildjians*, and more recent Amir and Impulse ranges.

The most striking thing about the Z cymbals – apart from their sound and appearance – is that they are the product of a new computerised 'hammering' technology.

Most cymbals, which are made from an alloy of copper and tin, are either cast, like church bells, or stamped from metal discs. *Zildjian* are unique in retaining *both* methods of manufacture. Both types are usually lathed to produce the familiar tonal grooves; however, the Z series cymbals have unusual patterns hammered into them, with a computer controlling the process, so that each cymbal type is given the appropriate degree of hammering. This helps create immensely strong and responsive cymbals, and I was fortunate enough to test a whole bagful, both in a gig situation and at home.

The Zs are big, thick, hard and shiny – beautiful thoroughbreds. Their remarkable computer-generated hammer patterns include a Closed Hex, an Open Penta and a Five Point and Six Point Star, which makes you suspect that *Zildjian* are practising some sort of Eastern witchcraft! Certainly, they aren't just pretty patterns, they affect such things as stick definition, pitch and tone.

The Five Point stars are reserved for the massive Power Smash cymbals (a new variation on the old Crash/Ride types), and these also have unique bow-shaped edges, reminiscent of the China type. I tried all the Z range types, except for the hi-hats.

King of the range perhaps is the 20-inch Heavy Power Ride with Closed Hex patterns. 'Heavy' is the word! I weighed it on the kitchen scales and it came in at seven pounds! Indeed, it caused my cymbal stand to keel over and swipe a nearby trombone. Another stand, carelessly adjusted, also began to sink under its burden; be sure to tighten all screws when loading these monsters.

Tuned to E sharp (according to a pianist friend), the Power Ride ensured a healthy bouncing stick and controlled overtones, so it rang but didn't turn into a mush of sound when played in time-honoured swing style. A quarter-note rock beat produced the same clear, hard results.

Matching this is a 20-inch Light Power Ride, which is also decidedly heavy, weighing around six-and-a-half pounds, with an Open Penta design of concave patterns.

Like all the Zs, it has a big cup at the centre and rings like a church bell, sounding not too dissimilar to Big Ben, even when struck gently at the rim.

The 20-inch Light Power Crash (Six Point Star), when compared to the 16-inch Heavy Power Crash (Open Penta), has a higher tone, despite its extra size, and is slower in response. I must say the 16-inch heavy crash is very nice indeed, ideal for accents during a number and for a swift, sure ending.

The comparable 16-inch Light Power Crash (Six Point Star) is very good but a little tinny in comparison.

Together, the 16-inchers make a good team, for rolling off at the end of your rock opera perhaps, when the dry ice is pumping and the fans are rushing for the last tube home.

I couldn't resist the 12-inch Splash (Six Point Star), the sort of cymbal Buddy Rich likes to choke to death, although even this one seems extra large for a Splash and has a tone like a sitting room clock in a J B Priestley play.

The 18-inch Heavy Power Crash has an Open Penta design, and my cymbal, despite being mysteriously flawed and scratched as if dropped from a lorry on the M25, had a sharp, bright tone, higher in pitch than the 16-inch crash.

The 18-inch Light Power Crash (Six Point Star), is lower in pitch than the Heavy Power Crash, and once again the pair would make useful stablemates on either side of a kit.

Finally, I tried the Power Smashes, using my biggest sticks with large tips. The bowed edges present a slight problem. Where should one hit them? I tried the bottom of the valley, but found that the best crashes came from hitting the flat of the edge, without risking damage to stick or cymbal, but making sure the maximum roar thunders forth.

It is fun to play both 18 and 20-inch Power Smashes together, and you can understand why drummers like Mark Brzezicki of Big Country can spend time soloing on cymbals alone.

'New products' has tended to become a phrase calculated to arouse suspicion in recent times. But the Z Series are a welcome and useful range for all drummers, and of course in terms of power and durability they are ideal for even the heaviest-handed HM destroyer. Indeed, they have a nobility and mysticism about their appearance (like rich treasures from the Bronze Age) that will appeal, in particular, to the Sword 'n' Sorcery chaps.

Strike one blow on a Power Smash, and see the heavens fly into tumult! CHRIS WELCH

A DAY AT THE CLINIC

SIMON PHILLIPS' ZILDJIAN DAY
Blazers Night Club, Windsor

SIMON PHILLIPS must surely be one of the greatest drummers in the world, certainly the finest all-rounder Britain has ever produced. It hardly matters what band he plays with or what session he is on. His drumming skill, finely honed to perfection after years of study and experience, is in itself an artistic achievement. Watching Simon at work is like watching a brilliant snooker player, racing driver, ballerina or athlete; a mixture of satisfaction and awe prevails, as a huge turn-out of fans (not necessarily all drummers) discovered when Simon performed on behalf of *Zildjian Cymbals* at his fifth annual drum clinic.

Zildjian are indeed fortunate to have Simon as one of their endorsees. Young, good looking and with a sympathetic personality, yet at the same time business-like and direct. Simon makes a good ambassador for *Zildjian*'s fine range of products, which he plays with the same command he has over his battery of drums.

It was a wintry Sunday afternoon when Simon and friends took over the surprisingly spacious *Blazers Night Club* in Windsor, an egg's throw from the Castle. Among those who turned out to cheer Simon and marvel at his technique were Ringo Starr, Steve White and Dave Mattacks. First came a video featuring American ace Vinnie Colaiuta, and then a welcome appearance by Big Country's Mark Brzezicki, another of the breed of young lions to have emerged since the ascendancy of Stewart Copeland a few years back.

Mark soloed on a massive red *Pearl* kit, with some of his cymbals slung upside down. He began his main solo with a crisp cymbal roll, never as easy to execute as it looks, as every beat must be in place. Working through a series of paradiddle patterns using the orthodox grip, Mark showed that, like Simon and Steve White, he has reaped all the benefits of a proper study of rudiments.

Cheerful and relaxed, he answered questions about his equipment and cymbals which included a 16-inch Thin Crash, ten-inch Splash, 18-inch Thin Crash, 20-inch Heavy Power Ride, 15-inch Dark Crash and two 18 and 20-inch China types.

Swift work by teams of roadies switched the stage around to put Simon Phillips' double bass-drum *Tama* kit up front, and out came the master to whoops and applause, a star who can command more rapt and devout attention than any number of groups. We listened and learned and marvelled as he tore into his kit for 20-or-so minutes of always musical improvisation.

Unerring accuracy and limitless power was unleashed as he assaulted his drums, creating crescendos of astounding complexity, which he played without looking the least bit exhausted.

Simon went on to chat informatively (and with humour) about his kit, his approach to playing, his influences and the new range of *Zildjian* cymbals which he explained had been made by a computer-controlled process.

"The makers take a metal disc, load the right programme and can then produce either a crash or ride cymbal, each with the same quality and characteristics. The computer can alter the tone and produce everything from a splash to a hi-hat cymbal."

For a grand finale, Simon and Mark Brzezicki got together for drum duet, although all agreed that Simon had created the most excitement as a one-man exhibition of the state-of-the-art of percussion. CHRIS WELCH

SIMON PHILLIPS in action: 'unerring accuracy, limitless power . . . and a sympathetic personality!'

TOYLAND EXPRESS

All aboard with REGENT ST. CLAIRE (pictured below, right) and a cast of thousands . . . Well, not quite, but as a rather bemused HOWARD JOHNSON finds out, 'Frisco kids CASTLE BLAK have been through their fair share of personnel

I'M CONFUSED! Not for the first time I grant you, but flummoxed nonetheless! Like hey, Regie baby, why don't you give a poor hack a break and tell him who's in your bleedin' band? Take your pick from Regent St. Claire (guitar and lead vox, the only constant factor in the group – that I'm sure of cos 'tis he on the end of the 'dog 'n' bone'!), Matthias Montgomery (lead drums), Kev Mueller (bass), Chuck More (lead guitar), Keith Beattie (bass) and David Chayce (guitar). Like wow . . . wipeout!

"Oh well, there's myself, Kev, Chuck and a new member, Scott Sanders, on drums, so that should settle matters! Keith and David recorded the album which is why they're credited and Matthias, well, he's just moved on, shall we say!"

Hardly what you might call a stable line-up, more changes than a pre-Bruce Maiden in fact, but Regent assures me that this is the proverbial Big One, the definitive combination.

"Anyway, it's not really as bad as it sounds," he informs me, and I guess he's talking about the line-up, not his band's first album . . !

"You see, 'Babes In Toyland' (the album in question) was recorded about two years ago so it wasn't as if one guy was coming in through the in-door one day and going out through the out-door the next!"

Fair komment, but why has it taken so long to get the record onto the streets? Two years? We're almost talking Def Leppard proportions of patience required here!

"God, it's a long story."

That's OK, we've got a whole *page* to fill!

"Well, Matthias, our old drummer, had this friend who was a real whizzkid with computers – he'd made an absolute fortune out of them by the time he was 17! So we had this idea that maybe *he* could finance the album project – my label, his money. All was set to go ahead but at the last minute this guy backed out because he didn't think HM would sell; we still wanted something out, though, so we financed a four-song demo called 'Ready, Willing And Able' that we sold privately – and it did really well!"

Pic Ray Palmer

TWO BAD: Kev Mueller and Regent St. Claire . . . 'We are the music makers and we are the dreamers of the dream'

And guess what happened, kiddies? Yup, the 'tooth fairy' (computer division) returned to the boys in Blak having decided that Heavy Rock *could*, in fact, sell . . .

"But this guy was an idiot," claims Regent, "he threw any kinda budget we had outta the window, wasted a lot of cash on needless things and didn't have a clue about the practical side of putting a record out!"

Well, San Francisco's full of air-heads, I believe!

"We explained about pressing, mastering, graphics and all that, but he just couldn't get a grip on it all!

"Castle Blak actually had a completed album ready to go but the guy just couldn't get a contract organised – it was ridiculous!"

After much beligerence on the part of Mr Computer and much butt-kicking on the part of Mr St. Claire, 'Babes In Toyland' has *finally* seen the light of day; and what's more, you lucky people, you won't be paying through the nose to take a sniff at Castle Blak thanks to the stout folk at *Heavy Metal Records*.

BABES . . .' (REVIEWED last issue) is certainly an interesting album, a jump ahead of a lot of the other indie Metal that's knocking about. Not saying much, I know, but this is a band distinctly on the upper side of average! 'Ten High' (er . . . *'six from the hip, five from the thigh'*, apparently!), 'Crazy' and 'Never Enough' are good, good-time goon-abouts with not too much happening cerebrally but a lot goin' on in the struttin' an' posin' stakes. Real live gonzos, mate!

"The album is still representative of the band even now," claims Regent, "but the new stuff we've got on tape is an awful lot stronger."

I'm still waiting for my copy of said 'stuff' so I can't tell you about it now, can I?

"I'd say that some of the songs on 'Babes . . .' are pretty melancholy, but the current material is much more 'up' and aggressive, more R'n'B than Heavy Metal I suppose! There's a cover of Grand Funk's 'Some Kind Of Wonderful' (which should at least win over old-timer 'Daddy' Barton!) that sounds sooo good! We've played a coupla songs to a few business people and they've been utterly blown away! No-one imagined we had so much more to offer, but they're finding out!"

The new album is set for release in six or seven months and will be titled 'Another Dark Carnival'. Regent modestly claims that his singing is "One thousand times better than on 'Babes . . .'," going on to point out that both *Atlantic* in Los Angeles and *Elektra* in New York are showing more than a mite of interest in what the band are up to.

"We *need* a major label," states the man, "how else can you get your music heard all over the world? Independent companies are great but they can't really do that for you! Even if it turns out that people hate what we do at least I want them to have the chance to say so!"

Besides which, if they *do* hate it, Regent doesn't care!

"I used to get beaten up for going around saying that I liked Kiss so not being one of the crowd doesn't bother me!

"I do what I want to do, I look how I want to look, I wear make-up if I want to and that's just the way I am. If people don't like it then that's their problem."

But how does all this go down onstage in good ol' San Fran, home of the mighty Metallica and meatheads Exodus, neither renowned for their love of *'Poseur* Rock'?

"Actually, we get a good response in the city.

"There's always gonna be a few people who hate *anyone* who dresses up, sure, but isn't life all about variety? At the moment, the public is being starved of bands with a really strong image because groups are scared to go all the way! But let me tell you, the girls love it!"

OK, so far so good, but what about your love of the film 'Willy Wonka And The Chocolate Factory'? Isn't that taking things just a little *too* far?!

"Nope! It's the best film ever made, no doubt about it! I own a copy of that movie! It has soul and it's got fantasy, which is exactly what I'm about! It's witty and charming and it contains one of the greatest lines ever: *'We are the music makers and we are the dreamers of the dream!'* That's what it's all about!"

Who amongst you would dare deny it?

BABY GRAND

Having just cut their teeth on a fine second album, 'Force Majeure', 'bouncing Bradford boys' RUBY TACKO, sorry CUCKOO, no, no, BABY TUCKOO, that's it, prove to the sensibly monickered MARK PUTTERFORD (?!) that it's the music not the name that matters

Pic Peter Cronin

IT'S FOR TUCK-OO-OO! (l-r) Paul Smith, Tony Sugden, Neil Saxton, Andy Barrott and Rob Armitage

WHAT'S IN a name? Film and pop stars may be on the deed poll trail faster than a streaker in a nunnery in order to minimalise embarrassment and generally sound a touch more 'Hollywood', but where rock bands are concerned, it's the weirder the better! Meat Loaf, Wishbone Ash, Blue Öyster Cult, Twisted Sister, ZZ Top – monumentally mad-but-magnificent monickers chosen for their obscure meanings (or simply for the hell of it!) by rock'n'roll chappies with a rock'n'roll sense of humour.

Baby Tuckoo – now *there's* a silly name if ever I've heard one! But what ever happened to the top-notch hard rockers? The bouncing Bradford boys, delivered into this world *via* a splendid debut album, 'First Born', and an accompanying feature within these very leaves nearly two years ago, have laid lower than Harry Headbanger's IQ since then, and those of you who (sensibly) purchased that LP must've been wondering whether the band had suffered a premature cot death or something.

It was with a certain amount of pleasure, then, that this humble hack announced the return of The Tuckoo in issue 114 – especially as the album under review was even better than the first. But why had it taken so long for 'Force Majeure' to emerge? There was nothing for it but to don a rented turban, brush up on my Bengali and hop on a 'choo-choo' to Bradford . . .

"I SUPPOSE you could use the old *cliché* 'contractual problems'," bassist Paul Smith explains, when asked about BT's prolonged absence. "It was mainly due to *Ultranoise Records* (the band's previous label) going under, due to *Pinnacle* (the distribution company) going under . . . as soon as that happened we had to look for another label."

"We gave *Ultranoise* three months to see if they could keep us on," singer Rob Armitage adds in thick Yorkshire tones, "so then we had three months of doing nothing except writing."

"However, as soon as *Ultranoise* went under around March ('85), we began showcasing for other record companies," continues Tony Sugden, Tuckoo's slim skinsman. "*Music For Nations* said they'd sign us in August of last year and by September we were knocking the album into shape."

With Liam Sternberg as producer . . .

"We got in touch with him through *MFN*," explains keyboard player/rhythm guitarist Andy Barrott, "because he'd done a Waysted album for them ('The Good, The Bad, The Waysted'), and he'd also done Ratt's first mini album."

"Apparently," guitarist Neil Saxton takes up the story, "Martin Hooker (*MFN* boss) played the demos to Liam and he was really impressed – he said he wanted to be in on it straight away! So he came to see us, we did some demos and we found him very easy to work with."

IN WHICH ways do you think this album is better than the previous one?

"Oh, there's a bigger, fuller sound this time – *definitely!*" Andy exclaims.

"Also, I think the individual sounds are better," Neil offers. "We spent a lot of time working with Liam to get the exact sound we wanted for each instrument and I think it's paid off."

"But apart from that," Rob butts in, "this album is better simply because more time and money has been spent on it."

How did you come by the peculiar title, 'Force Majeure'?

"That was part of a clause in our contract," Paul says, matter-of-factly, "it's something relating to an act of God – like if we got struck by lightning and couldn't fulfil our contract, or something . . ."

"What it probably means is we won't get any royalties," Andy laughs.

"Naw, me mam knew what it meant straight away," Rob scorns, "and it just sounded like a great title. I wonder what it means in French . . ."

"Show me your bottom, probably," Neil deadpans as the others guffaw.

How about the name of the band, Baby Tuckoo, any second thoughts about that?

"No!" Paul answers for the rest. "When we started we had a few funny comments made about us, but the longer we've been in the public eye the more people have come to accept it."

"Even so, we've had some great misprints," Neil beams. "Ruby Tacko was a good one . . . and someone even called us Cuckoo once!"

"People are always asking us what Baby Tuckoo means," Rob smiles, "and in the past we have explained it. But now we're saying, 'We don't know!' because we'd like people to work it out."

OK, let's change the subject. What's life like for a rock band in Bradford – do you still feel part of the rock scene stuck up here?

"We do feel a bit removed, yes, but that's how we want it," Rob replies.

"It helps you keep a fresher attitude when you're somewhere like this, because you're not surrounded by loads of other bands who're all in the same clique," Tony adds. "You can work on your own project without being distracted."

Right, so you don't consider it a disadvantage living up here, but what do you think is the biggest obstacle facing the band?

"Getting a support slot on a decent tour," Rob answers emphatically. "We've got two albums worth of material to choose from and a good tour of the bigger venues opening up for a good name band is all we need."

". . . And we don't put on an act," Paul states. "We're up there onstage for the sake of the music rather than for the sake of dressing up, wearing make-up and posing around."

Baby Tuckoo have toughened up considerably over the past couple of years, forming their own management and publishing company and currently feeling confident of breaking into The Big League. Cuckoo, Ruby Tacko or even Timbuctoo – what does it matter? This band have it in them to be successful *whatever* their name.

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

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KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

BRING ME THE HEAD OF DAVE DICKSON, *ETC* . . .

DEAR MR DICKSON, with regard to your recent review of the latest Ozzy Osbourne slipped disc, 'The Ultimate Sin', may I suggest that the fact that in your own words you are *'not a fan, never have been'* and that you think *'his contribution to rock music as an art form has been at best negligible, at worst non-existent'* has in this case unduly clouded your journalistic abilities. May I even go so far as to say that you approached said album intending not to like it. I'm not a great fan myself, Ozzy's previous albums having worn rather thin on entertainment value after repeated listens, but 'The Ultimate Sin' is a grower.

My first impression was that it was rather like a good chilli – moderately tasty but lacking in *real* bite. After a few plays, however, it turned into a real 'ring-burner', just getting hotter and hotter. This album is the man's most consistent, entertaining and heaviest so far (and judging by the look of him on 'The Tube', probably his last as well). So please Mr. Dickson, keep an open mind. **Martin Petry, Merlin's Cave, West Wales.**

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE

YOU HAVE got to be kiddin'! After witnessin' perhaps, possibly and probably one of the finest rock bands to grace the stage of the *Marquee*, the Wild Strawberries, and noticin' the lookin' conspicuous inconspicuously *Kerrang!*

B.T.O. & GUESS Who. Membership. Details from Kevin Beyer 11436 Boyn Blvd, Allendale, Michigan 49401 U.S.A.
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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

WARREN DE MARTINI wishing you a happy birthday for 10th April. All the best, Steve (Rattman), Liverpool.

BELATED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

DAVID MIEDZIANIK wishes Anne Nightingale on Radio One Happy Birthday for April 1st. I hope she continues to play those Bob Dylan records.

FANZINES

KISS INTERNATIONAL issue one of incredible new glossy magazine available next month for full details plus extensive merchandise, list free, badges, etc, send large SAE to Kiss International, 189Q Craigieburn Road, Cumbernauld, Glasgow G67.
FREE APPRECIATION SOCIETY. Issue 23 out now. £1. 39 Staverton Road, Bilborough, Nottingham.

ENGLISH DOGS: 'could blow Venom away without trace'

GOING UNDERGROUND

WELL, IT'S the same thing every year, isn't it? Venom get voted worst band by the readers and die-hard Venom freaks spring to the band's defence, telling everyone how good Cronos and Co are and saying what a bunch of wimps *Kerrang!* readers are . . . (sounds familiar, eh?)

What I want to know is this: why all the fuss about Venom? I mean, the guys are old hat now; they peaked in their glorious 'Black Metal' days and have been going downhill ever since, whereas excellent Thrash outfits such as Exodus/Possessed/Death/Agent Steel have yet to reach their full potential in the TRUE underground Metal scene. The fact is, there are (at last) some brilliant UK Thrash bands around such as Warhammer, Onslaught and English Dogs, all of whom could blow Venom away without trace!

Just to set the record straight, there are some TRUE British Thrashers out here (and I'm not including Metallica fans in this category) and we want some more Speed Metal coverage in your mag. I'll admit that *Mega Metal Kerrang!* is an improvement, but pictures of Slayer, Exodus, *etc* are nothing original; c'mon guys, we want more interviews, Goddammit!

Also, why all the hype over SOD? I know the band are faster than Metallica but DRI, AOD, Mayhem NYC and Dr. Know are all just as good, so where's the features on them, eh? Don't let the true underground scene down, Britain. Thrash is here to stay! **The Metallic Death Lord, Wiltshire.**

kontingent, I was expectin' a live review to end all live reviews! What are the chances that this Paul Henderson bloke was, in actual fact, sittin' in the bar soakin' up Xavier 'naive' Russell's hardly in-depth *Mega Metal* feature durin' the Strawberries' high-charged performance?!

They had a style, warmth and charisma that you just don't come across these days. And as for Mr. Henderson's description of the vocalist, Alen Islamouich, as over-playing his resemblance to Dave Lee Roth almost to the point of mimickry . . . Well, yeah, it's there, honey-bunch, but no way is it as drastically obvious as Henderson clumsily pointed out. There was a helluva lot of one Mike Monroe in there too – and vocalist Alen hadn't even heard of the Fin phenomenon!

The saddest thing that could happen to this brilliant and potentially staggerin' Yugoslavian band is a tedious (though I guess it's inevitable) string of DLR comparisons in the press. Anyone out there who was not at the *Marquee* and has only read the aforementioned *Mega Metal* and *Kerrang!* pieces, take absolutely *no* notice! They may have given you a hint, but believe me, there's a whole f**kin' lot more to the Wild Strawberries! A whole f**kin' lot!! **Yours 4 ever rockin', Ray Zell.**

DON'T DO IT, GENE AND PAUL

WHAT THE f**k is going on?! Ozzy headlining Donington this year?! 'Who the hell is going to fill the 'Special Guests' spot below him on the bill?' I ask myself, after seeing his dismal performance at the *Hammersmith Odeon* where Ratt pissed all over him.

Then, to my disbelief, I read in your rag that the promoter has had the cheek to approach Kiss to occupy that slot! Although I agree Kiss are no longer the band they were in the Seventies, Ozzy isn't fit to lick their boots, and compared to the brilliant singing of Paul Stanley he sounds like a drowning cat.

As far as I'm concerned, the so-called 'crazy man of rock' is about as crazy as a melon onstage, and if he ever loses the brilliant Jake E. Lee he'll be nothing.

I only hope and pray that Kiss will decline this ridiculous offer and save that lump of lard the embarrassment of being pissed on for the *second* time by his Special Guests. **Scouce, the Kiss maniac, Oxford.**

P.S. It's as ridiculous as Magnum being bottom of the bill last year!

SMARTY TUBE

AT LAST 'The Tube' has got its finger out and given us what we want – mind you, it was long overdue! I'm talking about the Heavy Rock special the other week.

The Cherry Bombz and UFO both played good sets, and Ozzy Osbourne and his band were great, despite Ozzy's voice being a bit dodgy now and then. It was good to see that old AC/DC video too, pity we didn't see more of it, and as for Parker, well, it was the first time I'd heard them but what a great version of Zeppelin's 'Black Dog' they did!

The show certainly made a welcome change from the usual bland stuff we expect from 'The Tube'; let's hope it isn't too long before the next special. Long live rock! **Ozzy's smiling knee-cap, Hull.**

BOOB TUBE

FIRSTLY, ANY chance of some bands getting a map of Britain which doesn't end at Edinburgh/Glasgow? Apart from Iron Maiden, the last major league rock band to come to Aberdeen were Thin Lizzy! Hang on while I spew my guts . . . ah, that's better!

Secondly, I've just finished watching 'The Tube' special and it was S**T! To start with there wasn't enough Bryan Adams (a ten-hour special might have been more suitable) and UFO vocalist Phil Mogg was more interested in twirling his mike stand than singing (his band weren't bad, though). The Cherry Bums – 'nuf sed! Must Anita Chellemah scream all the time?! And as for Ozzy, does he walk around like a demented Quasimodo offstage as well?

The highlight (*ie* 'my balls were vibrating') was AC/DC. Pity there was only 30 seconds of them. They almost made up for all the other crap.

No wonder rock music (OK, Heavy Metal if you must) gets a bad name if this is the drivel it advertises itself with. **Alex Booth, Aberdeen, Scotland.**

THE ULTIMATE PIN (UP)

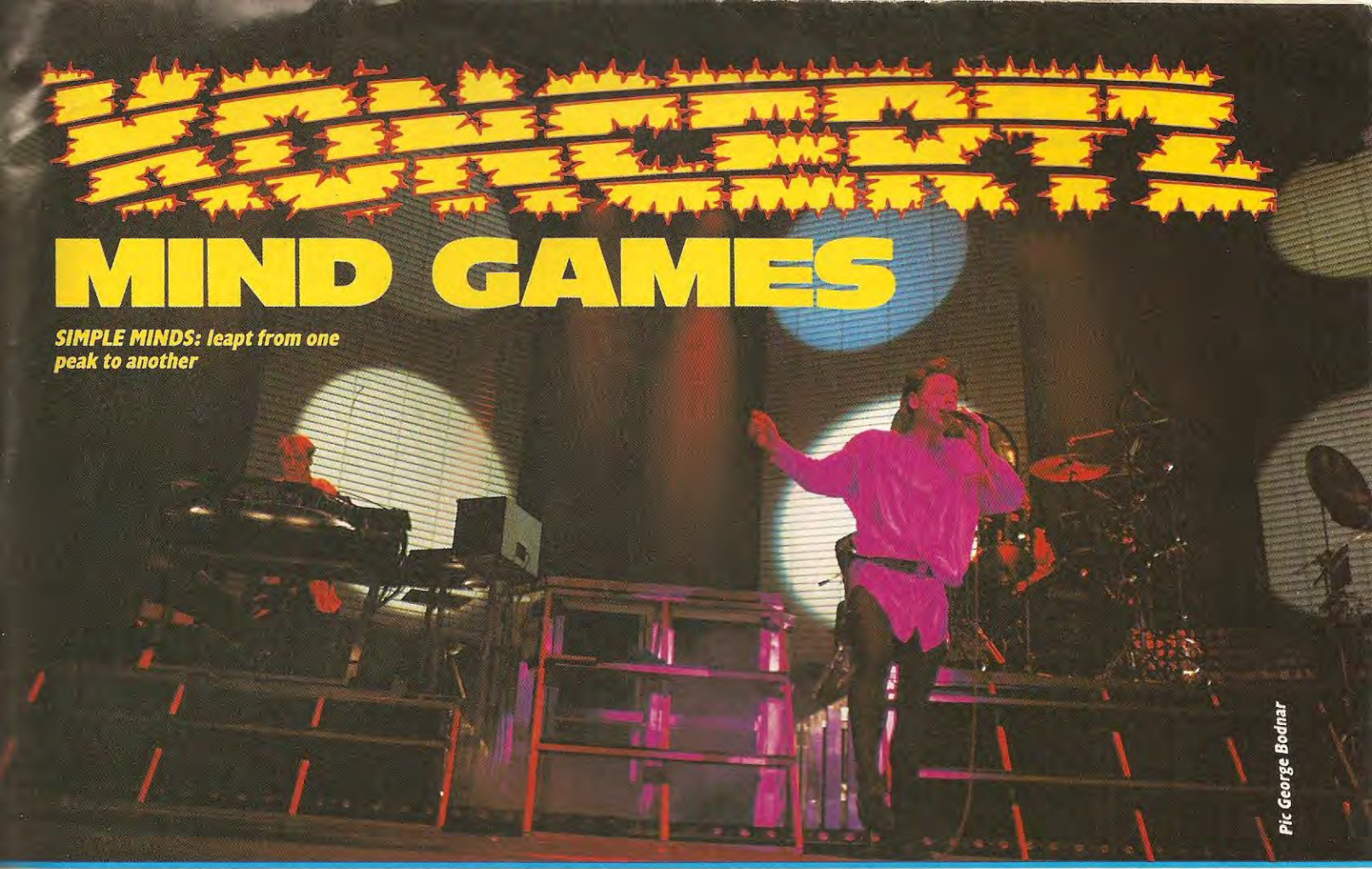
I'VE SAT back and listened long enough! It's time to say my piece. Who are these wimps who keep whining about Ozzy showing off his cuddly torso in issue 113? As a female Ozzy fan, I ripped the centre pages out of every copy to decorate my house with, I loved it!

Naked and semi-naked women are exploited everywhere nowadays but you don't mind that, do ya? What's wrong, daren't you blokes get ya kit off or what?! Well done Ozzy, it was great. Shame about the exclamation mark and having ya legs crossed though.

Print this letter and show the sexist puffs up! **Mad Max (Ozzy disciple), Leicester.**

P.S. The picture of Rob Halford in issue 115 was great too.

MIND GAMES



SIMPLE MINDS: leapt from one peak to another

Pic George Bodnar

SIMPLE MINDS
Wembley Arena, London

OUTSIDE *WEMBLEY Arena* in the stiffening cold, hundreds of frustrated people were milling about in a desperate search for those small pieces of paper which constituted passports into the thoughts of Simple Minds. One generous chap offered me a pair of tickets for £80, and although I politely declined his offer, many more people were digging deep into their pockets just so they could *be there.*

Inside the *Arena*, those lucky (or rich) enough to possess these documents of delight were intensifying an atmosphere of feverous excitement that I've rarely experienced before. Boyz, gals, young'n'old, all chattered from behind broad grins and sipped cold drinks from plastic containers as they settled their rears into the familiar red seats. And then, Simple Minds . . .

It was to be expected really, but the roar of the crowd and the thrill of watching the band open with the mighty 'Waterfront' had me gasping for breath for a few seconds. As John Giblin's bass delivered the incessant rhythm and Charles Burchill's chiming guitar triggered the sophisticated lighting rig into some dazzling manoeuvres, the endearingly humble Jim Kerr, dressed in a soon-to-be-discarded black cloak and floppy black hat, danced and darted around the spacious Wembley stage in his usual, unique manner. The overwhelmingly loud PA wasn't the best I've heard at Wembley, but 'Waterfront' immediately soaked everyone with its swirling, therapeutic sounds and any impurities were soon dissolved within the song.

'Speed Your Love To Me' and 'Up On The Catwalk' from the evergreen 'Sparkle In The Rain' album followed in quick succession, and then, quite amazingly, the band reached a stunning peak with 'The Book Of Brilliant Things'. Where would they go from here? I wondered as Jim Kerr pronounced Mel Gaynor – Thunderstick's successor in Samson (!) – as *"the best drummer in the world!"* Simple – they just rose to another similarly stunning peak with the brilliant 'Ghost Dancing' . . . and held it there, preciously.

'Ghost Dancing' also contained the first verbal reference to Amnesty International, an organisation which the band feel strongly enough about to have planted a pamphlet describing the good work they do on every seat in the *Arena* before the show. Apparently, one song from every performance is to be dedicated to *Al* (as well as the likes of Nelson Mandela, Steve Biko and Bishop Desmond Tutu), and all the proceeds from the shows are to go to the organisation.

Simple Minds, who have sung about peace and love for long enough, obviously felt it was time to put their money where their mouth is – and good luck to them. What pleased me tonight was the fact that the band managed to get their message across without letting it obstruct an evening of wondrous rock music.

And what music! Have you ever found yourself in the middle of 20,000 dancing feet? It was all happening here tonight, as Kerr led everyone through the familiar chanting in 'Don't You Forget About Me', leaving the crowd singing and clapping on their own, waiting until it reached a floor-trembling crescendo and then announcing 'Promised You A Miracle'. Magic!

Next, Robin Clark joined the Minds for some soulful backing vocals and the band began a five-song assault on their sublime new album, 'Once Upon A Time', leading off with the title track. Then came 'Oh Jungleland', 'All The Things She Said', 'Alive And Kicking' and 'Sanctify Yourself' – the last two predictably surpassing most of what had gone before in a glorious climax.

Three encores (including some more subtle protesting with a strategically-placed burst of the Artists United Against Apartheid song, 'Sun City, and the presentation onstage of what looked to be a red carnation, handed to Jim Kerr by a small black child) (*Pass the sick bag!– Ed.*) and Simple Minds walked into the wings with wild waves of triumph. Had it all been worth the exorbitant ticket prices demanded by the touts? For two hours of magic, who's to say it wasn't? MARK PUTTERFORD

STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Half Moon, London

A MEAN-LOOKIN' dude, Steve Gibbons, dressed all in black, shoved his way through the crowd towards the stage and took up battle positions. As he hitched up his rhythm guitar, the drummer and bass man set up the most casual, funky back-beat this side of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Kentucky. Or perhaps one should say the *Blue Boar* on the M1, because Steve is from Bir-ming-ham (England, that is), but like many an Englishman before him has steeped himself in the accents, lore and attitudes of the American Way.

Never mind if some of the patrons at the *Half Moon*, seemingly iconoclastic medical students and rugby players, occasionally mimicked his Southern Fried patter. They were swept away by Gibbons disarming, low-key style and patent sincerity. They appreciated what turned out to be a mighty fine combo, specialising in the slow burn rather than flash fire.

With P.J. Wright on lead guitar, Sticky Wicket on drums and the excellent Roger Iniss on bass, the band hit a groove that reminded me of Little Feat, the Meters and, going back even further, the Coasters. Subtlety, warmth and a good deal of humour have helped make the current Gibbons band something of a legend on the gigging circuit. I am assured that in the Midlands Steve is regarded as a hero and has window displays of his records in the local stores.

He certainly lives as well as looks the part, driving around in a *Ford Zephyr* with tigerskin seats, invariably clad in black and sporting what is known as 'The Look'. Included in his repertoire are original songs from earlier albums, like the attractive 'No Spitting On The Bus', which rolled along on a Bo Diddley beat. Another hotspot was 'Mr. Jones (What's Goin' On)', a long and witty rap which reminded me of the Coasters but is a Gibbons original.

It's hard to define the Gibbons approach. It's not country, nor Metal, nor soul. He takes off at a low altitude, building things consistently throughout the evening, reaching high points that are all the more effective and satisfying for that. Virtually every other band on the planet could learn a lesson from this approach. CHRIS WELCH

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

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(NOT) OVER THE MOON

HONEYMOON SUITE
Marquee, London

I SEEM to be spending an inordinate amount of time at the *Marquee* just recently. But this night boasted the added attraction of a lig at the behest of the Ontario Ministry of Citizenship And Culture (Honeymoon Suite are Canadian, you see). Never being one to turn down a lig, off I went, and quite a jolly event it turned out to be, too. Interesting to note that the Canadians are prepared to get behind their rock bands at government level whereas all *our* government seems able to do is get up our noses. But let's not get polemic.

While we're wining and nibbling away the pre-gig moments in the foyer of Ontario House (OK, so they wouldn't let us further than the foyer!), the punters are assembling in hordes at the *Marquee*. Which is curious because I'd never even heard of Honeymoon Suite until a few weeks ago. Now that they've won the video vote on 'Saturday Superstore', however, (bloody good video, too, the song is 'Feel It Again', the current single, by the way) their rise to superstardom looks to be set and running.

But let's not get carried away. Comments being bandied about post-gig ranged from *"Not as good as Mr. Mister"* to *"Not as good as Barry Manilow!"* So what are we to make of all this? Certainly, the listening, dancing public were in no doubt: "A hit!" they would've declared! But what about the cynics amongst us? Well, my own view, for what it's worth, is that Honeymoon Suite may have a tough time cracking the UK market for two reasons:

1) They don't look that great.
2) Mr. Mister may already have beaten them to it.

Don't get me wrong; Honeymoon Suite aren't ugly or hideous, they just look too ordinary at the moment to really stand out from a whole mass of other North American bands. Nor does singer Johnnie Dee have a particularly distinctive voice.

The Mr. Mister comparison is pretty obvious since they're both aiming for the same sort of market with a similar style. But what Mr. Mister did was get a hit first and *then* come over here. HS have gone for the admirable workmanlike approach, which may yet come off – I hope so.

They play with all the familiar tightness of Canadian/US bands and are clearly a far heavier proposition live than they are on record, but at the moment they seem to lack presence and enough really strong songs to make up for it – which is why, I suspect, Mr. Mister have the edge.

DAVE DICKSON

SUPERTRAMP
Royal Albert Hall, London

"SUPERTRAMP, ARE they still going?" came the shrieks of disbelief (tinged, I might add, with derision) when I announced that I had seen the band perform a rare London concert. I too had to admit to a certain scepticism, until I witnessed the phenomenon that unfurled on a cold Monday night at the venerable *Albert Hall*.

Supertramp were the classic Seventies' band who unleashed a series of successful albums, peppered with the odd hit single, like 'Bloody Well Right'. They were, I recall, one of John Bonham's favourite groups. Then the 'Tramp faded from the headlines, were assailed by 'splits' and went to live in America. I assumed they had gone the way of Rough Diamonds and Gnidrolog.

Crisis, what crisis? Outside the *Albert Hall* blazed a tell-tale sign . . . 'Sold Out!' Inside: a hubbub of eager patrons, who displayed moving affection when the band strode onstage to commence a business-like schedule of music making.

I gazed in awe and wonder as beautifully dressed, attractive girls cried out hoots of encouragement. Healthy, intelligent males, their brows unfurrowed by knavish sentiments, applauded briskly.

"Who on earth are their fans?" I whispered to a fellow reporter. I couldn't work our the socio-ecomomic group.

"Sloane Rangers," he advised. "Princess Di says they're her favourite group."

Supertramp, expanded by sessionmen, proved a powerful team who made up for lack of visual appeal through the clever use of back projection and movie clips. The Tramp jammed in straightforward fashion, delivering their own special sound with clarity and precision; a blend of raunchy sax, clipped piano and metronomic rhythm. Add to this a chorus of shouted vocals and a slightly jaded philosophy about war and pestilence, and you have a band who articulate on behalf of those who still believe in fair play and rhythm 'n' blues.

In case you doubt there is a market for their ilk in 1986, hearken to the facts. They played TWO sell-out nights at the *Albert*, have been playing 9,000-seater venues across Europe and are due back in America for another tour. They may not be sex symbols, but, by thunder, they can play!

John Helliwell, their brilliant tenor sax player, was matched by a younger partner, Scott Page, in some exciting sax battles and vigorous knee dancing. Rick Davies was on piano and vocals, with Ben C. Benberg on drums and Dougie Thompson on bass. It was especially good to hear Helliwell playing such authoritative, powerful sax, steeped in jazz traditions, particularly for one such as myself who remembers his early days with the Alan Bown Set.

The band opened with 'Better Days', accompanied by archive film of the Depression, which paved the way for a succession of more optimistic songs, none too tricky or too fast, all in a comfortable groove, like 'Still In Love' with its fierce sax solos. Said John, with tongue in cheek: *'Is there anybody here wearing jeans?'* This led into 'Old Brown Side' steaming with a swamp-rock beat.

Although the audience was a touch on the restrained side, resolutely sitting down until the last few numbers, they called out plaintively in recognition of the piano notes that ushered in 'Bloody Well Right'. This featured Page and Helliwell locked in deadly combat.

They ploughed on through 'From Now On' and 'Asylum', and headed for the climactic 'Brother Where You Bound', illustrated with a film history of weapons development. The show peaked with 'Crime Of The Century' and a touch of 'Hoochie Coochie Man'.

So how was the old Tramp? I listened for comments on the way out . . .

"Absolutely SOOPAH!"

CHRIS WELCH

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL
The Clarendon, London

BALAAM AND The Angel are standing strong, proud and assertive at the very peak of a wave of *real* rock bands who aren't hiding behind either Metal mundanities or new wave no-hope philosophy! This is *it*, this is my music, bubbling up from a very happening underground and erupting excitedly into the consciousness of a generation that wants rock 'n' roll which is powerful yet purposeful, tough yet never trite! This is *my* music, it should be yours too!

Proof? A sardine-packed *Clarendon*, filled with people waiting to witness this one-off Balaam live experience. Proof? The Cult and the March Violets to name but two acts now bringing this excitement to the masses *via* extensive radio coverage. Proof? A set from Balaam And The Angel which defies journalistic waffle; a set so balanced, so refined, so perfect, that it is quite simply awesome! Proof? The fact that Balaam are the sweetest musical kiss. Never 'Goth' in a million years, rather perfect pop with a seriously heavy rock undertow. All things to all men; Journey, the Cult and Zeppelin thrown together. You *must* dig this band!

Bassist/vocalist Mark Morris and guitarist brother Jim have long, long hair, a plus factor of course to all you *Kerrang*sters! Brother Des, meanwhile, (a family affair this!) hits the skins with an *adroitness* to put any HR aspirant to shame, placing each and every glorious song in solid rock territory. They can cut it live, pure and simple!

There's so much to show off tonight, from the eloquent stomp of 'New Kind Of Love', through the pristine pop of 'She Knows' and 'Day And Night', on to the innovative brass structures embalming 'Slow Down' and 'Warm Again', produced authentically live too! This is quite a tag to attach to ones so young, but Balaam And The Angel have the suss and ability to be no less than a Doors for the '80s!

HOWARD JOHNSON

BREAKING THE CHAINS

Hippies? Goths? Alternative Musicians? Brum-based BALAAM AND THE ANGEL have attracted many weird and wondrous labels, but are any of them actually *true*? HOWARD JOHNSON reckons not, hailing the Morris brothers (pictured below) as prime exponents of the pop/rock *genre* 'struggling to be understood' . . .

'For a bunch of long-haired Hippy Goths, this is astonishingly good!'

SO RAN a pop paper's one-liner regarding Birmingham-based Balaam And The Angel's last independent single, 'Day And Night', thereby capturing the essence of the problems which plague the band – namely, what and who they are!

Now to my mind it should be just about the last item on the agenda of any importance. Musical bracketing is a destructive force when acts can be ridiculed through affiliations and dress sense. Puerile really, but a subject which certain other music mags both wallow and revel in. Papers for music lovers? Don't make me laugh! A band for music lovers? Read on!

Balaam And The Angel are *not* Hippies, despite bassist/vocalist Mark Morris and guitarist brother Jim being in possession of fine heads of hair. Nor are Balaam And The Angel 'Goths', despite the fact that much of their live audience is comprised of such types. What Balaam And The Angel *are* is themselves, a fine, fine band with feet in both pop and rock terrain, struggling to be understood (or rather, not misunderstood!) against a host of outside preconceptions.

"We've had to spend a lot of time 'de-learning' people, turning them away from what they've been told about us," says Jim over a brew. "It really stumps me when I see us being referred to as 'Hippies' or 'Goths' because anyone with half-a-brain can see that we don't fit into either category. Are we Hippies because we've got long hair? It's not a statement, we just like it, and we don't go around playing with runestones!

"A lot of journalists in particular seem unable to enjoy something for what it is. They always use the line that if everything a band does isn't stemming from a theoretically sound stance, then they must be in it solely for the money! We just do what we want!"

"If anyone asks me about Hippies I just ask them what *they* think one is!" says Mark. "I don't know, unless Hippies are what you see on the telly at Stonehenge!" (*Paging Tim Oakes . . . – Ed.*)

Balaam's problem is that they've grown up in a highly segregated musical environment which hasn't allowed for their scope and breadth.

"There's only really been two types of live audience over the past few years," claims Mark, "the out-and-out rock audience and the alternative scene. Because we grew up in the alternative scene we've been lumped in with all the other bands so it's made our lives more difficult, having to prove ourselves all the time."

AND BALAAM And The Angel do go back a lot further than the punk explosion, right back to the womb in fact, the third member of the band, Des, again being of the same flesh and blood. It was, in fact, the guys' dad who originally saw the trio's musical potential.

"He saw a chance for *us* to do what *he'd* always wanted to," says Des. "We were only nine when we started to take an interest in music. We didn't have any instruments in the house but Dad used to make us watch *TOTP* and ask us what instruments we fancied playing."

"Yeah. I'd say 'trumpet' and he'd go, 'Well, how about the bass?' " laughs Mark, "and then Des would say 'trumpet' and he'd say, 'Er . . . how about the drums?' "

But from such beginnings do great bands rise! There followed a long spell playing the workingmen's clubs, singers flitting in and out with fair regularity as the brothers honed their talents into the something special they are today, waiting for the moment when that certain something would happen, that something which would push them into their own adventure. Punk was it!

Pic Sheila Rock

BALAAM: "We don't go around playing with runestones"

Mark: "'77 and '78 certainly opened up our eyes to what we really wanted to do – in particular the Jam and the Pistols. Our feelings suddenly changed, and although we kept on playing the clubs for a while, we started throwing songs like 'Hurry Up Harry' (from Sham 69) and '2,4,6,8 Motorway' (Tom Robinson Band) into the set!"

Following a three-year break while Jim went to college in London to learn classical guitar, a time that saw various projects come into being, though none as comfortable as the 'brother band' situation, Balaam And The Angel got underway in earnest as the post-punk scene flourished . . .

"We really found that the alternative scene, the only scene we knew, was becoming increasingly unlistenable," Mark points out. "Only the Southern Death Cult (now the Cult) and the Sex Gang Children were in any way interesting. Too many people were blinkered by punk and all it was supposed to stand for, so we thought we could change things by taking more influences."

"We were kinda like rebels within a movement," recalls Jim. "In fact, at the first gigs we ever did we went onstage dressed totally in white (shades of Angel?) just to get away from the black, depressing aspect of the scene. We got called queers and all the rest of it, but we had to make it obvious that we weren't the same as all the rest of the acts."

Indeed, the band's first 'World Of Light' EP, released on their own *Chapter 22* label, played off the sun and light images directly against the black, dark and gloomy overtones of the likes of Joy Division. Explains Mark . . .

"Entertainment was depressing. People had forgotten the *true* meaning of the word!"

AND BALAAM And The Angel's music is nothing if not entertaining, full of sparkling tunes, using such diverse influences as Blondie, Led Zeppelin and Siouxsie And The Banshees to max effect. Two more indie 12-inchers, 'Love Me' and 'Day And Night', and two years of constant roadwork later, Balaam are poised on the very brink of becoming a huge act, for their music is always pop without losing the rock edge. Never before have I heard a band who can write the most dazzlingly sound airplay-worthy songs without a whiff of compromise anywhere. This is the real thing!

"When we write," says Mark, "we don't consciously plump for pop or rock. We just write good songs and we don't write specifically for the singles market, but we've just as much right to be in the singles charts as anyone! We're a live rock band, but so what? We can bridge the two camps."

Obviously, other people apart from myself believe they're blessed with the right stuff too, for Balaam have now signed to *Virgin Records* for a pretty handy five-year deal. "Sigue Sigue Who?" says I, for while that bunch of poseurs wouldn't know a good song if it fell on their 'beootifool' barnets, Balaam have classic material seeping from their every pore. With 'She Knows' now available as the band's first major label single, it shouldn't be too long before they see some chart action, the trio being simply too good to ignore. I wasn't kidding in my live review elsewhere this ish when I said that this is the Doors of the '80s, nossir!

"We've got a sound that's different, yet accessible to all kinds of people," says Jim, "and we've done pretty well on our own beforehand. 'Day And Night' got to Number 80 in the national charts without much push, and now we've got the wheels of industry on our side we can still write the same kinda material, exercise the same control over artwork, *etc* and simply make a greater impact! We've had very little pressure from *Virgin* because they want to see how we do without interference."

And if there's any sense out there then Balaam will have very little difficulty cracking just about any market they choose to. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it can't hold a candle to the chord. You'll just have to go buy yourself a copy of 'She Knows' to understand why I'm kicking up such a fuss about this band. And judging from very rough mixes of the album – scheduled for a late May release – there's a whole load more exquisite material to come, from the heavy, almost Bad Company-ish 'Walk Away' and 'New Kind Of Love' to the evocative Doors-tinged 'Warm Again'. 'Krellhound' stuff it ain't, a little more grown-up perhaps, but certainly quintessential rock 'n' roll!

"The album will continue to shock people who try to pigeon-hole us," says Jim, "so we're prepared for it to be slagged. The trendy press has never stopped us before and, anyway, if we're being slagged by the *NME* then we take it as a compliment because it means we *must* be good! They just reckon it's unhip to play live, release records and build up a following that way!"

The way rock 'n' roll bands have done it since Day One. And, as they say, you should never give up on a good thing!

It's the dual-edged sword of Balaam And The Angel's approach that is so appealing and attractive. Pop or rock? Goth or Hippy? Black or white? Serious or fun? It's none of these things – because it's *all* of them!

SHORTS

reviewed by HOWARD JOHNSON

VAN HALEN: 'Why Can't This Be Love?' (Warner Brothers)

Confirmed. It's more Van Hagar than Van Halen! The first product since Diamond Dave jumped the VH battlecruiser is not the disaster many predicted it would be. In fact, it's a neat little pop ditty featuring young Ed hittin' ya with various wild 'n' wacky keyboard and geetar sounds.

But, but, but . . . as I anticipated, Van Halen has lost its humour, and with precious little around in the HR spectrum that, to me, is a large minus factor. Yup, I actually miss those flat vocals and fear that VH are in danger of becoming just another good, competent rock band. The B-side, 'Get Up', is typical fast 'n' furious stuff, but without anyone reaching between his legs and easing the seat back, it's . . . it's somehow tame!

OUTSIDE EDGE: 'Heartbeat Away' (Virgin)

Dated pompish rock from *10 Records*' great white hopes with lines like *'Waiting by the phone/ ooh, you're coming home'*. Doesn't make you hope for too much and you're not disappointed. Apparently, they're quite big in *la belle France* which says a lot, since we know the French have absolutely no taste!

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: 'Do Anything You Wanna Do' (10 Records)

Eddie And The Hot Rods knocked the crap outta this ditty back in '77 and captured an utterly glorious raunch in the process. Manfred Mann's Earth Band have released 12 albums in 15 years, according to their biog. Their treatment of this song proves it! Er. . . bring on the young soul rebels!

TWISTED SISTER: 'Leader Of The Pack' (Atlantic)

Available in multifarious versions and packagings apparently, this cannot disguise the fact that Sister are milking their past to bolster their present. Mind you, they sure as hell need to, considering the 'opus' that was 'Come Out And Play'. Sad to say, cos I love Dee and the boys dearly, but that is a seriously played-out album, and 'Leader. . .' sounded much more naive, innocent and vital on the 'Ruff Cutts' EP. Money doth not the music make!

MENDES PREY: 'Wonderland' (Way Records)

More Brits pretending to be Yanks and failing abysmally.

SHE: 'Captured/New Start' (Elle Records)

Geordie female-fronted hopefuls which obviously gives them a head start when such well-known lechers as Barton, Bonutto and Dome are at the helm of the *Kerrang!* flagship! Me? Well, yeah, I can see what they're all getting at, cos this is pleasant pop with a particularly strong vocal from Karen McInulty.

SURVIVOR: 'I Can't Hold Back' (Scotti Brothers)

This guy has quite some voice as I'm sure all of you know, and actually this is quite a lot less offensive than the blatant plagiarisation that was 'Burning Heart'. Again, I wouldn't whip the quids out of my pocket to buy it, but I can see why some would.

CLIFF RICHARD AND THE YOUNG ONES: 'Living Doll' (Warner Brothers)

Completely, utterly bloody brilliant! All for a good cause, all a great laugh, a great song, and the great Sir Clifford getting those tonsils going to max effect. Obligatory farting jokes too ("Vyvian, don't you dare whiff our Cliff!") on these 12 diamond inches. You'll never have more fun giving money to charity!

VAN HALEN: (l-r) Michael Anthony, Eddie Van Halen, Sammy Hagar and Alex Van Halen pictured after recent experiment with superglue in the hope that the band that sticks together . . .

SAMANTHA FOX: 'Touch Me (I Want Your Body)' (Jive)

Yeah, yeah, I'm sure you do Sam! Lotsa grunting and groaning and a surprisingly good vocal from Britain's number one sex symbol. I could take it in the right spirit if it wasn't for the line *'I was begging for you to treat my body like you wanted to'*. Knowing the sick mentalities of some people out there and with all the attention focussed on the horrors of rape, this seems to be, at kindest, irresponsible. You wanna be taken seriously Sam, so cut the crap, willya?!

THE MARCH VIOLETS: 'Turn To The Sky' (London 12")

A pop masterpiece! Cleo (who does an awful lot more to me than Ms Fox) handles the pop sensibilities of 'Turn . . .' with consummate ease and shows that there's a damn fine band lurking in the flowers. Sweet rock 'n' roll to dance to, sing along to, make love to. Thunderous drums, weaving guitars and all in all plenty to get excited about!

ENGLISH DOGS: 'Nightmare Of Reality' (Under One Flag)

Spikey-haired punks, I believe, who are utterly, totally at home in the Thrash field. No difference whatsoever. Some of the riffs are pretty handy, but the song lets 'em down.

THE INNOCENT: 'Livin' In The Street' (Red Label import)

Imagine my surprise on seeing former Breathless men Rodney Psyka, Alan Greene and Kevin Valentine in the Innocent's line-up. Breathless represented all the good things in AOR – but not any more. What we have here is just a very average bar band rock 'n' roll number.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: 'Candyman' (Polydor 12")

The best song of all these singles! No question about it, the Banshees are really at their peak just now, pulsing with vibrant rock energy and enough toughness to put all these here heavy rock bands to shame. Intelligent lyrics, no fear of guitars whatsoever and pilfering from the Cult! What more could a man ask for?!

QUEEN: 'A Kind Of Magic' (EMI)

Written by Roger Taylor and, like 'Radio Ga Ga', overloaded with keyboards with poor guitarist Brian May once again reduced to a supporting role. Taken from the film 'Highlander' starring Christopher Lambert and Sean Connery, though quite how all this synthesiser stuff fits in with Sword & Sorcery is beyond me. A hit nonetheless.

SAXON: 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsy' (Parlophone)

While Queen get the mega-push, Saxon will probably be allowed to quietly slip away back into obscurity. Not the best track from the 'Innocence Is No Excuse' album and I actually prefer the B-side, a new song called 'Krakatoa', but what do I know ? This comes wrapped in a poster bag featuring an out-of-focus shot of the band on one side and five out-of-focus individual member shots on the other along with an almost in-focus picture of a truck. Good, eh?

BELTANE FIRE: 'Excalibur (I Believe)' (CBS)

Not, curiously enough, taken from a soundtrack at all, although it sounds like it ought to have been. With narration by Robert Powell (numerous ads, '39 Steps', 'Jesus Of Nazareth', etc), Beltane Fire delve into Arthurian Legend, coming on like Clannad only not as good. Nevertheless, an interesting song with a rock/ folk swing to it. Celt Rock, the next big thing?

JEFF BECK: 'Ambitious' (Epic)

The usual excellent disco/rock production from Nile Rogers gives Jeff Beck plenty of room to flex his muscles while retaining every chance of scoring a hit. The sort of song that might turn up on 'Miami Vice', it should sound great on the radio and Beck certainly deserves another hit.

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LOCAL CHART

1 SAVE OUR LOVE **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
2 LAY IT DOWN **Ratt** (Atlantic)
3 LIVE WIRE **Mötley Crüe** (Leathür)
4 NATURE OF THE BEACH **Black 'N Blue** (Geffen)
5 THIS AIN'T LOVE **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
6 SUMMERTIME GIRLS **Y&T** (A&M)
7 CAN'T SAY NO **White Sister** (Heavy Metal America)
8 TOKYO ROAD **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
9 TURN UP THE RADIO **Autograph** (RCA)
10 IF LOOKS COULD KILL **Heart** (Capitol)
11 PANAMA **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
12 ANIMAL (F**K LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music for Nations)
13 INTO THE FIRE **Dokken** (Elektra)
14 WALKING ON THE EDGE **Rick Springfield** (RCA)
15 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
16 DON'T STOP **Eric Martin Band** (Elektra)
17 I CAN'T GET IT **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
18 INTERSTATE LOVE AFFAIR **Night Ranger** (MCA/Camel)
19 THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE **Hughes/Thrall** (Cleveland)
20 DOWN THE WIRE **The Quick** (MCA)
21 ANGELINE **Sabu** (Heavy Metal America)
22 FALLING **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
23 URGENT **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
24 CARMEN **Toto** (CBS)
25 TEARS ARE FALLING **Kiss** (Vertigo)
26 ROCK ME TONITE **Billy Squier** (Capitol)
27 HIT'N'RUN **Streets** (Atlantic)
28 VELCRO FLY **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
29 TURN THE RADIO ON **Surgin** (Music For Nations)
30 PHOTOGRAPH **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)

Compiled by Liverpool University Rock Society Disco.
Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

MALCOLM J.DAVIS (VOYEUR)
'HEART' Heart (Capitol)
'CRIMES IN MIND' Streets (Atlantic)
'TAO' Rick Springfield (RCA)

DANIELZ (TARAZARA)
'SWEET FA' The Sweet (RCA)
'FUTURAMA' Be Bop Deluxe (Harvest)
'DARLING NIKKI' Prince & The Revolution (track from the 'Purple Rain' LP on Warner Brothers)

ALAN REED (PALLAS)
'EMI' Sex Pistols (Virgin 45)
'NEW GRANGE' Clannad (RCA)
'TERRITORIES' Rush (track from the 'Power Windows' LP on Vertigo)

HUW LEWIS (SAMURAI)
'INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY' Ratt (Atlantic)
'LOVE AT FIRST STING' Scorpions (Harvest)
'I' Van Halen (Warner Brothers)

IMPORTS

1 RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Indisc)
2 TAKE WHAT YOU WANT **Hurricane** (Roadrunner)
3 FIGHT TO SURVIVE **White Lion** (Victor Japan)
4 POISON DOLLYS **Poison Dollys** (Invasion)
5 BRIEF ENCOUNTER **Marillion** (Capitol)
6 GUILTY AS SIN **Blood Lust** (Metal Blade)
7 DED ENGINE **Ded Engine** (Pentagram)
8 IN THE PINK **Dizzy Bitch** (Azra)
9 SUSPICIOUS HEART **Van Stephenson** (MCA)
10 YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT **Rosy Vista** (Noise)

INDIE METAL

1	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
2	5	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
3	—	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
4	19	BURNING AMBITION **Chariot** (Shades)
5	8	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
6	2	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
7	7	SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND **Stryper** (Enigma/Stiff)
8	6	FORCE MAJEURE **Baby Tuckoo** (Music For Nations)
9	15	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
10	16	I'LL GET YOU ROCKIN' **The Godz** (Heavy Metal America)
11	4	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG **Venom** (American Phonograph)
12	3	KOMMANDER OF KAOS **Wendy O. Williams** (Zebra)
13	10	ANTHOLOGY **Uriah Heep** (Raw Power)
14	13	ANTHOLOGY **Magnum** (Raw Power)
15	—	RACE WITH THE DEVIL **Girlschool** (Raw Power)
16	11	BLACK HEARTS AND JADED SPADES **Tokyo Blade** (TB Records)
17	14	ERIC MARTIN **Eric Martin** (Music For Nations)
18	9	MANIPULATE **Ausgang** (FM)
19	12	BEST OF HANOI ROCKS **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
20	20	SUGARCREEK **Sugarcreek** (Music For Nations)

VIDEO

1	2	ALCHEMY LIVE **Dire Straits** (Channel 5)
2	1	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island Pictures)
3	4	GREATEST FLIX **Queen** (PMI)
4	6	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Virgin)
5	8	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
6	—	LIVE AT THE NEC, BIRMINGHAM **Status Quo** (Channel 5)
7	7	LIVE IN RIO **Queen** (PMI)
8	3	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (PMI)
9	5	DANCE ON FIRE **The Doors** (CIC)
10	11	LIVE AT PERKINS PALACE **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
11	—	LIVE IN CONCERT **Dio** (Channel 5)
12	—	LET THERE BE ROCK **AC/DC** (Warner Home Video)
13	9	GENESIS LIVE – THE MAMA TOUR **Genesis** (Virgin)
14	12	RECITAL OF THE SCRIPT **Marillion** (PMI)
15	15	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME **Led Zeppelin** (Warner Home Video)

KERRANG!

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SINGLES

1	—	THE HARLEM SHUFFLE	**The Rolling Stones** (CBS)
2	2	SILENT RUNNING	**Mike & The Mechanics** (WEA International)
3	1	BURNING HEART (THEME FROM 'ROCKY IV')	**Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
4	3	THIS TIME	**Bryan Adams** (A&M)
5	5	HOT GIRLS IN LOVE	**Cherry Bombz** (Lick)
6	7	UNDER A RAGING MOON	**Roger Daltrey** (10 Records)
7	—	A KIND OF MAGIC	**Queen** (EMI)
8	16	THESE DREAMS	**Heart** (Capitol)
9	—	I CAN'T HOLD BACK	**Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
10	4	SHOT IN THE DARK	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
11	—	TALK TO ME	**Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
12	12	VOICES	**Russ Ballard** (EMI America)
13	19	EDGE OF DARKNESS	**Eric Clapton with Michael Kamen** (BBC)
14	6	WALK OF LIFE	**Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
15	—	IT'S ALL GONE	**Chris Rea** (Magnet)
16	—	FOR AMERICA	**Jackson Browne** (Asylum)
17	17	I CAN'T WAIT	**Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
18	10	SARA	**Starship** (RCA)
19	13	NIGHT RUN	**UFO** (Chrysalis)
20	14	SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS	**AC/DC** (Atlantic)
21	29	ANIMAL (F**K LIKE A BEAST)	**W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
22	18	CREEPING DEATH	**Metallica** (Music For Nations)
23	8	SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM	**Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
24	15	YOU'RE IN LOVE	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
25	24	MARKET SQUARE HEROES	**Marillion** (EMI)
26	9	STAGES	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
27	30	VICE VERSA	**Samson** (Capitol)
28	11	SEX AS A WEAPON	**Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
29	20	RUN TO THE HILLS (LIVE)	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
30	26	THROWING STONES AT THE WIND	**Pallas** (Harvest)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'MICKEY DUDESICKLE' DOME
'KOMMANDER OF KAOS' Wendy O.Williams (Zebra)
'RUSSIAN ROULETTE' Accept (Portrait)
'ICE CREAM THIGHS'/'MAD RAMPANT STALLION' Mr. Thrud! (demo)

GEOFF ''ARDCASE' BARTON
'WOKE UP THIS MORNING' Dead Serios (track from the 'Dead In The USA' EP on Longsong import)
'DYING IN THE DUST' Railway (track from 'Railway II' LP on Roadrunner)
'METAL FORCES' Onslaught (track from 'The Force' LP on Under One Flag)

STEVE 'KRUSHER' JOULE
'RUSSIAN ROULETTE' Accept (Portrait)
'IRON EAGLE' Various (Capitol import)
'DAMAGE INC.' Metallica (track from the 'Master Of Puppets' LP on Music For Nations)

DANTE 'HERRING AID' BONUTTO
'OUT IN THE COLD' Judas Priest (track from the 'Turbo' LP on CBS)
'STARS' Various (Hear 'N' Aid 45 on Vertigo)
'WHO MADE WHO' AC/DC (Atlantic 45)

ALBUMS

1	1	BROTHERS IN ARMS	**Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
2	2	NO JACKET REQUIRED	**Phil Collins** (Virgin)
3	4	THE ULTIMATE SIN	**Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
4	re	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	**Bryan Adams** (A&M)
5	3	SEVENTH STAR	**Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi** (Vertigo)
6	6	LIVES IN THE BALANCE	**Jackson Browne** (Asylum)
7	7	ROCK A LITTLE	**Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/ Parlophone)
8	15	RECKLESS	**Bryan Adams** (A&M)
9	8	UNDER LOCK AND KEY	**Dokken** (Elektra)
10	5	FINYL VINYL	**Rainbow** (Polydor)
11	9	ALCHEMY	**Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
12	17	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD	**Marillion** (EMI)
13	11	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE	**U2** (Island)
14	12	LOVE OVER GOLD	**Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
15	13	BORN IN THE USA	**Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
16	18	AFTERBURNER	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
17	10	MAKING MOVIES	**Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
18	20	KAIZOKU-BAN	**Accept** (Portrait)
19	36	DIFFERENT BREED	**Beltane Fire** (CBS)
20	14	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY	**U2** (Island)
21	41	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	**Marillion** (EMI)
22	24	ELIMINATOR	**ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
23	27	WAR	**U2** (Island)
24	22	INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY	**Ratt** (Atlantic)
25	21	QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS	**Queen** (EMI)
26	35	COME OUT AND PLAY	**Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
27	28	EYE OF THE TIGER	**Survivor** (CBS Nice Price)
28	—	SALOME	**The Enid** (Enid)
29	46	STEREOTOMY	**The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
30	48	GREATEST HITS	**The Cars** (Elektra)
31	34	THE COMPLETE MIKE OLDFIELD	**Mike Oldfield** (Virgin)
32	23	THEATRE OF PAIN	**Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
33	16	THE WEDGE	**Pallas** (Harvest)
34	19	SEVEN THE HARD WAY	**Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
35	25	DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE	**Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
36	38	THE VERY BEST OF CHRIS de BURGH	**Chris de Burgh** (Telstar)
37	42	JIMI PLAYS MONTEREY	**Jim Hendrix** (Polydor)
38	31	LIVE AFTER DEATH	**Iron Maiden** (EMI)
39	26	SCARECROW	**John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
40	re	FUGAZI	**Marillion** (EMI)
41	40	SACRED HEART	**Dio** (Vertigo)
42	32	BAT OUT OF HELL	**Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
43	—	THE PACK IS BACK	**Raven** (Atlantic)
44	37	KNEE DEEP IN THE HOOPLA	**Starship** (RCA)
45	49	BLACK AND WHITE	**Terraplane** (Epic)
46	30	FLY ON THE WALL	**AC/DC** (Atlantic)
47	re	POWER WINDOWS	**Rush** (Vertigo)
48	29	THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD	**Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
49	re	HEART	**Heart** (Capitol)
50	43	BORN TO RUN	**Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

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LADY Killers

Sylvie Lacroix

ACCEPT HAD better watch out . . . their cheeky chamber-spinnin' ballistic gameplan 'Russian Roulette' is strictly in the nancy-boy netball category when compared to **Sylvie LaCroix** and her li'l ol' ring-pullin' pineapple pastime! What you gotta do is bite down hard, and then 15 seconds is all you've got to get a *minimum* of five miles away from the detonation zone. Think I'll try it, I like dying dangerously . . .

So who is Sylvie LaCroix? I hear you slurp 'n' salivate. Well, petal, she's the 26-year-old lead singer/guitarist/lyricist with intriguing California-based outfit **DC LaCroix**, whose debut long-playing discerama **'Crack Of Doom'** (no connection with the ever-widening, worrisome split in **Malcolm**'s skull) is out and available courtesy of the *vairy* lovely **Agnes** and her label *Le Dragon Noir* (see *Kutz*, page eight).

Coincidentally, the sultry Sylv has a French/Canadian background: she wuz raised in Quebec – sorry readers, I mean *Kwebek* – and everything wuz fine and dandy until her fourth birthday when her family home got burnt down by hoodlums, direct descendants of the feared Canuck caveman tribe *Cro-Magnon Suternus.*

A gypsy-like way of life ensued, with the LaCroix brood spending long years living out of a camper and travelling from town to town, Sylvie attending the grand total of 15 schools up to age 11.

However, despite this risky Romany existence, Sylvie began to excel at drama and after finishing hi-school was offered a scholarship at one of the USA's leading acting colleges. But, natch, she turned down the opportunity and decided to dedicate her life to *rock* and to *roll* . . .

With the likes of **Pat Benatar**, **Bon Scott** and **Ann Wilson** listed as fave vocalists and **Priest**, **Aerosmith** and **Leppard** mentioned as ace super-keeno bands, Sylvie sez she is not only 'extremely ambitious' but 'hungry for success'. And y'know, I've a feeling in my bones (second and third metacarpals along, left hand) that we could well go all the way with regard to this one.

Now excuse me, I've got five miles to run and there's only .0003 of a second left on the stopwatch . . .

GEOFF BARTON

Pic Chris Walter